

COMET SERIES

宮  
端  
恵

# 伯爵と妖精

【すてきな結婚式のための魔法】

Hakushaku to Yousei  
vol.18: Magic for a Wonderful Wedding

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[Novel Updates](#)

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# Chapter 1: Visitor troubles before the Earl house's expectant wedding

Prior to the wedding ceremony, the Earl's household was faced with countless issues.

The All Saints' Day celebration announced the arrival of fall. Since there would be two weeks of continued celebrations after that, London was getting more crowded than usual.

A flea market was set up around the corner of Birdsfield Lane. The outdoor stalls were selling a variety of goods.

While Claire was travelling back and forth between the booths and the crowd, her eyes were drawn to the porcelain brooch, but she immediately recovered her composure and looked around.

She was looking for an azure borderless soft hat with reddish-brown hair hanging from the back. When she found her target at the other end of the stalls, she hurried over to catch up.

The person Claire was following was a girl named Lydia Carlton. She was with a woman who seemed to be a friend. They were walking and looking around at the market.

Lydia's sight would occasionally be diverted to a strange direction, such as a person's foot or atop of a street vendor, and she was even smiling in a direction where there seemed to be no one.

When they stopped walking, Claire thought that it was her chance and approached them. She pretended to be selecting her goods as she quietly observed Lydia.

This was the first time she could observe the other party in such a close distance, and Claire realized that she wasn't a perfect beauty like she had imagined. Having said that, she wasn't an ordinary girl that you could see everywhere either.

In short, Lydia had an inconceivable atmosphere. That was probably due to the colour of her eyes.

Perhaps she felt that she was being watched, so she looked over. Claire quickly diverted her eyes.

Lydia and her friend left the stall and started walking again, and Claire continued to pursue once again.

Soon after, they passed through the gap between the stalls and into an alley that lead to a deeper place.

*Where are they going?*

Although she found it to be suspicious, Claire followed them into the alley. After making a turn, there was another plaza at the other end of the narrow path.

Claire did not know that there was actually a plaza at the back of these buildings. Although she was surprised, she still entered the lively plaza.

A huge tree stood in the middle of this area surrounded by buildings. The street stalls were crammed together with spread out floor mats as they did business. There were people playing musical instruments, and the people in the vicinity were dancing with joy.

This place was very similar to the market from earlier, but there were some differences.

However, Claire was only puzzled for a moment, and shortly after, she did not care.

Besides that, all the hesitations that were in Claire's heart seemed to have vanished and her mood suddenly brightened.

"Miss, are you here alone?"

The owner of a street stall handed her a ripe plum. How could this plum be emitting such a delicious smell?

"Miss, what do you think of this? It really suits you. "

As the other vendors started to talk to her, she was attracted as she immediately walked over. The white butterfly shell hair ornament was shining with a rainbow lustre which she had never seen before.

Claire had forgotten her purpose of coming here, and had also forgotten that she had to keep watch of Lydia. She strolled along the fair in this alleyway without diverting her attention.

There was one thing that she didn't know.

This place was a Fairy Market. Occasionally, humans that would accidentally take a wrong turn and get lost would sometimes would forget about the human world be unable to return in the end.

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“Lydia, that's incredible, the harp is playing by itself.”

This was the first time Lota had been to a Fairy Market, and she looked all around, as if she felt that the scene before her eyes was very strange.

As for Lydia, she hadn't visited a Fairy Market in a long time either.

The fairies in London were unlike the fairies in the countryside who would want to be in contact with people. Perhaps that was the reason that even though she had heard rumors about this market, she had never seen it before. However, a while ago Lydia heard from a hobgoblin that there would be a fairy market held here. She was quite interested, and so today she came here for a stroll with her friend, Lota.

“The Fairy Market is very lively, it practically doesn't lose against human markets.”

Even though Lota knew that Lydia was a different girl who was close with fairies, she never looked at her strangely. Lota was a princess of the Grand Duke from a subjugated country, but she was raised by pirates. Although she was also a strange girl, she got along very well with Lydia.

“I originally thought that I wouldn’t be seeing this many fairies in London. I didn’t think that there would actually be that many fairies.”

(Fairy doctor of the Blue Knight Earl, that is not the case. There are many fairies from the outskirts and other places who are gathered here.)

A fairy who was selling medicinal herbs nearby interrupted.

Even though this fairy used magic to make himself appear more or less as tall as a human, his sharp ears protruded from under his worn hat that hung over his eyes. In fact, he seemed to know that Lydia was the fairy doctor of the Blue Knight Earl.

(Because of the wedding.)

(The market will be opened until the end of the wedding so that the fairies who came from afar have a place to go to.)

“A wedding? Is it a fairy’s wedding?”

(No, it’s your wedding.)

“Ohh Lydia, you’re a celebrity.”

Lota joked at the surprised looking Lydia.

(It has been a few hundred years since the last Blue Knight Earl’s wedding. It’s only natural that everyone is excited.)

“.....In that case, let’s all celebrate together.”

The Blue Knight Earl is a legendary person who was said to have a territory in the fairy country; his official title is the Earl of Ibrazel. Edgar Ashenbert, who

had currently inherited this title, was Lydia's fiancé, as well as her partner whom she was about to marry.

It seemed that this matter livened up the fairy realm.

(There were many ancestors of fairies who came from the fairy country, and the Blue Knight Earl was a very special master to the fairies in England.)

(Everyone will be offering their blessings for the wedding.)

Unknowingly, the fairies gathered around and inserted flowers into Lydia's borderless soft hat while saying that one after another.

"Um, thank you but please don't get too rowdy, everyone."

Although the fairies' kindness made her feel happy, their actions were unpredictable by human knowledge.

Having said that, most humans couldn't even see fairies, so even if the fairies caused a scene or pulled pranks, it probably wouldn't cause serious problems.

"Lota, it's about time for us to return."

"What, you're not buying 'something blue?'"

"It's best not to buy anything from the Fairy Market.

Like I thought, I think I might buy that silk ribbon I saw at that stall just before."

Lota nodded and as Lydia was about to leave, a voice called out to Lydia.



“Hey-- Lydia, lend me a silver shilling. ”

There could only be one who would suddenly make such a shameless request, was Lydia’s fairy partner.

“Nico, you’re here too. ”

As she looked back, the one standing there was indeed Nico. A fairy who looked like a cat with gray fur stood with two hind legs.

“Yeah, it’s quite rare to come across such a grand market. And so, I found a very beautiful tie. I just need to spend one silver coin to buy it. ”

This fairy cat who pretended to be a gentleman couldn’t do without a tie. He extended his little paw in front of Lydia.

“Don’t you already have a lot of ties?”

“It’s in order to attend your wedding that I need to buy a new one. How could a family member dress too casually?”

His physical appearance definitely looked like a cat but he seemed to be attending the wedding ceremony as a member of Lydia’s family. Lydia forced a smile as she put the silver coin into Nico’s paw. His perked up in happiness immediately as he squinted his eyes.

“What does that beautiful tie looks like?”

As Lota asked, Nico puffed out the soft fur on his chest and answered:

“Like a flying fish.”

Not really understanding what he meant, both Lydia and Lota tilted their

heads in doubt.

Right next to the tree that Nico was pointing at, there was a young lady sitting in front of an open stall.

Her light brown hair was carefully tied , and although her style was simple, it was fairly neat.

If the fairies used magic to turn into a human, some areas would be exposed, but she certainly was a human.

Furthermore, she went as far as to defenselessly eat the fairy food.

“Oh my, that’s bad!”

Lydia anxiously ran towards her and grabbed the ripe red plum from her hand.

“Don’t eat it, otherwise you won’t be able to return to the human world!”

She looked up at Lydia in surprise and then looked down at the plum, which fell onto the ground.

“That’s great, you haven’t eaten anything yet. You should go back with us.”

Although Lydia was smiling, she showed a puzzled look and retreated backwards, as if what happened was too sudden.

“Um, I’m not a suspicious person. I’m a fairy doctor, so I’m very familiar with fairy-related matters. The Fairy Market is an area not too far from the human world, so we should be able to get out quickly.”

“Fairy doctor.....? Fairy Market?”

It seemed that she hadn’t realized that this wasn’t the human world. She thought that Lydia, who suddenly threw away her plum and said some strange things, was a weird girl.

What should I do? How should I explain in order to bring her back?

Lota asked kindly in place of Lydia, who was helpless.

“What is your name? I’m Lota, and she’s Lydia. ”

“My name is..... Claire.”

“Did you get separated from your attendant?”

“N--no..... I came alone.”

Women who were above middle class didn’t usually go out shopping by themselves, but Claire seemed to be from a decent family.

At any rate, with Lota’s help, Lydia wanted to take the opportunity to take her away from this place.

“In that case, would you like to come outside the market with us? When it comes to celebrations, there will be many people, and it’ll be dangerous for a woman to be alone, wouldn’t it?”

Although Claire was unable to understand the situation, she might have felt a little uneasy being alone, so she nodded her head.

In the meantime, both Lydia and Lota took her arms and left the Fairy Market.

After passing through a short alley, they immediately arrived at the Birdsfield lane market. Lydia was relieved for being able to rescue someone who got lost. At that moment, Claire suddenly felt dizzy and unsteady. She grabbed onto Lydia and leaned against her, but she immediately recovered and hastily let go of Lydia.

*Sure enough, she sees me as a strange girl, is she wary of me?*

Claire stared at Lydia, who was a little dejected, then spoke very carefully.

“Excuse me, are you Miss Lydia Carlton?”

She spoke as if she has just realized who Lydia was.

“Yes.”

Even though it felt strange, Lydia still answered.

“So you’re Earl Ashenbert’s fiancée.....”

*Have I seen her before?* Lydia couldn’t recall but still nodded her head.

“I apologize, Miss Carlton, I actually wanted to talk to you and therefore followed you to this place. But I forgot all about it until just earlier. I don’t know what happened to me.....”

*That was probably because of the fairies.* Lydia almost said that but she managed to swallow it. If she said that, Claire would definitely fall into confusion. Compared to that, she didn’t expect that Claire actually followed her from behind.

“You said you wanted to talk to me, why?”

Standing in the middle of a crowd, she held up her hands like in a prayer with a desperate expression.

“Actually, I wanted to ask whether or not you could hire me as a maid.”

Lydia was surprised and Lota stared at Claire from behind.

“Ohh, that’s right, the Ashenbert household is seeking a maid for Lydia.”

“But, this matter has been handed over to Edgar to deal with.”

“Is it okay letting that man choose? It’ll be meaningless if you don’t like her.”

“That is of course true, but....”

“Claire, why are you asking Lydia directly? It’s fine going to the Earl’s household and responding to the request.”

“Because I don’t have a recommendation letter and I’ve never worked as a maid before.”

Claire lowered her head and answered.

Indeed, the condition set by the Earl’s household is for women who had worked before in an aristocratic mansion.

“But I used to be a governess to a daughter of an aristocratic residence, so I am very familiar with matters of the upper class, and I can quickly learn the responsibilities of a maid. I know that Miss Lydia is a daughter of a middle class family and I thought you might be willing to listen to me.”

Lydia and Lota looked at each other.

“Governess? That being the case, there’s no need for you to force yourself to do the work of a maid.”

Generally, being a governess was a more credible job for a woman.

“My father used to be a school teacher, but he passed away. I came here because my brother lives in London, but now I have no money at hand. If there’s no work, my life will be in trouble. I heard that the Ashenbert household was hiring a maid, and uh, because the salary is good.....

The salary is better compared to that of a governess,” she added.

Even if she was originally a middle class woman who didn’t need to work, if she were to take up a job as a governess, it wouldn’t be detrimental to the face. Having said that, in terms of salary, it was also true that the salary of maids or housekeepers were higher.

Moreover, even as an attendant, aristocrats would usually employ women with a considerable degree of education to be a maid of a higher position.

For a girl like Claire, even though it wasn’t a very reputable career, she could perhaps bear with it.

“.....My brother only cares about playing around and doesn’t do any proper work. There’s no way for me to only work as a tutor.”

“I see.”

Lydia felt sympathetic.

Speaking of which, in Lydia's mind, her knowledge regarding the use of a maidservant was very thin. Her understanding of a maid was just someone that she could talk to about various things. In this regard, their social classes were similar, and their age should be quite close, so she felt that it would be easy to get along with Claire.

"I will try to have talk about your matters. I don't know if it's possible to hire you, but you can come to the Earl's mansion tomorrow and ask."

"Thank..... thank you, Miss Lydia."

Seeing Claire's red face and happy expression, Lydia felt relieved as well.

This was probably because Lydia felt Claire's impression of her as a strange girl had changed a little.

The day that Lydia will be married into the Earl household, that is, her and Edgar's wedding ceremony, will be the following week.

Upon returning to London from the Hebrides island of Scotland, Edgar immediately decided on the date.

Originally, it was necessary to announce the marriage notice three weeks in advance, but because he had already obtained the marriage license, he could get married anytime he wished without the need to announce it.

This license was very convenient, but also very expensive. But it seemed that Edgar had no intention of announcing the wedding from the start.

All in all, the Earl's household was practically responsible in taking care of all the preparations. Even the things that were supposed to be prepared by the bride's side were carried out by the Earl's household. But because the backgrounds of both families were different, even if the bride's side wanted to be extravagant, nothing could be done.

With gratitude, Lydia and her father handed over these matters to the Earl's household.

As long as it was handled by Edgar and the Earl's household's capable attendants, even the complicated preparations could be carried out quickly. The head butler, Tomkins, also confidently expressed that everything was going smoothly.

Despite feeling somewhat rushed, Lydia felt happiness amidst the chaos.

When she first got engaged, the first thing that she felt was uneasiness. She was worried about whether or not there would really be no issue entering into marriage, but now, she was a lot more positive.

Because she realized that the only thing she could care about was her and Edgar's future.

"Were you able to buy 'something blue' today?"

Edgar put down his wineglass and gave her a graceful smile.

Lydia stopped her hand, which was holding a knife, and slightly glanced at Edgar.



The two of them having lunch together wasn't something rare anymore, but because they were about to get married, Lydia felt very nervous.

With great difficulty, she had recently started to show a lover's attitude but the next thing she would have to do is to behave like a wife.

*Would I actually be able to do it?*

Once they were alone, she couldn't help but think about it.

"I did. With this, the bride's five essential items are complete."

In order not to show any unnatural behaviour, Lydia answered as she concentrated on her meal.

Lydia wanted to spend as much time with her father as she could before the wedding. So, in order to be understanding, Edgar decided to spend lunch time with her instead of dinner.

Although they each had their own preparations to do and therefore, were very busy before the marriage, Edgar hoped to set aside as much time to meet as possible.

Lydia thought so as well. Having said that, she now realized that she couldn't stop herself from loving Edgar, and even though they were already at this stage, she still felt embarrassed about a lot of things.

It was still okay previously, because she would only feel embarrassed at Edgar's words and attitude, but now she couldn't stop herself from staring at Edgar, or attempt to prolong the time they had together when it was time to

separate. These things made her feel embarrassed.

“This asparagus truly is delicious. ”

“I’ll tell that to the chef. ”

*Ah, how could I only praise the side dish?*

“Uh, of course this sautéed lamb is also very good, and it goes well with this Madeleine wine,” Lydia quickly added.

Edgar laughed happily.

The head chef knows that you really like the simple taste of asparagus cooked with brine, so you can praise the cooking that you really like, and don’t have to worry about your home chef.”

A court chef who studied in France turning out to be her home chef, how could Lydia easily accept that?

“Th--that’s right, Edgar, what is your favourite food?”

“Plum and honey sorbet.”

“Is that so, I didn’t know that. ”

“That was the taste of your lips earlier.”

Lydia almost choked on the wine.

“Wh--what are you saying.....”

“Within the holiday market, the vendor selling delicious food came out to do business, right?”

*Yes, that’s right.*

Even though it felt a little humiliating, Lydia still bought sorbet with Lota and sat on a bench in the market to taste it.

Then she came to the Earl's house.....

Since the engagement, no, since before that, Edgar has been saying words that made it difficult to be regarded as a gentleman. That was the only thing that Lydia couldn't ignore.

Instead, she felt that she blushed more easily than before.

Lydia thought that since they were lovers, it was strange that she was embarrassed, but the more she thought about it, the more clueless she was on how she should behave.

"That being said, who came up with the thought of having five essential items that must be worn in order to be a happy bride?"

Edgar changed the subject in order to comfort Lydia, whose body went stiff.

After recovering her mood, Lydia reached for her napkin.

"I don't know either, but it's an old legend passed down since ancient times. It will certainly bring good luck."

It is said that during the wedding ceremony, the bride must wear something new, something old, something borrowed and something blue, and place a sixpence coin in her shoe.

Of course, Lydia intended to do so.

"A new wedding dress, mother's old veil, the Duchess of Masefield lent me her beautiful pearl earrings, and as for 'something blue', I will put on the new

ribbon I bought on my wrist.”

“Are you starting to look forward to marrying me?”

Edgar was smiling happily.

“.....Y--yes, after all, it’s a once in a lifetime grand ceremony.”

“Do you not look forward to living together with me?”

“What, of course.....that too.....”

While Lydia was racking her brain on how to answer, Edgar leaned over and kissed her forehead.

Raven approached them without making any sound and distributed the newly served dish.

Even though they were having a meal by themselves, they weren’t completely alone.

He definitely saw the kiss earlier.

Edgar noticed Lydia’s concern about Raven, who was serving the meal, and laughed out loud again.

“Even though there are attendants on the side, it’ll be fine as long as you behave as if they don’t exist. This also shows that their performance in their job is flawless.”

“.....Okay.....”

“You’ll get used to it soon.”

Having an attendant around was something normal among the nobles, not just in getting dressed, but it was the same when taking baths as well, they didn’t mind the stares of the attendants at all.

Although Lydia was currently learning the etiquette and customs of the upper class, it would be a lie to say that she wasn’t overwhelmed by the differences in lifestyles.

However, once she thought about getting married to the person she loved, those things became insignificant.

The sun was shining in through the opened window as Edgar smiled happily. His hair seemed to have been cut slightly, and it made him look more like a noble.

He has bright blonde hair and aristocratic features. Even when he was wearing common clothes, his perfectly tailored coat would make him appear very noble. Even his movement of putting the fork to his mouth seemed like a painting.

If you stand beside someone like that, thinking about it again, the groom would definitely receive more attention compared to the bride.

Although she thought about these things, Lydia still revealed a smile.

In this afternoon tea room that exuded a quiet atmosphere, the two of them were enjoying the lunch that was prepared. The small table covered with a simple linen tablecloth gave out a strong atmosphere of living at home, and

made one feel extremely comfortable.

Edgar knew Lydia's preferences very well.

Lydia's heart felt a surge of happiness.

*It's great to be able to return to London.*

She had once given up on the idea of marriage, but because Edgar was unwilling to give up, so she was able to stay here now.

*This probably isn't a dream.*

In the end how many times had she asked herself this question?

"We can really get married, right?"

"Are there any other options?"

".....No. "

She answered lowering her head and felt a little embarrassed.

Edgar's hand took Lydia's hand that was on the table.

Once again, she couldn't help but mind Raven's presence and Edgar whispered to her:

"Before you get used to it, it's alright to remove the attendants."

This youth who was devoted to Edgar, just by receiving a glance from him, put down the wine bottle and was preparing to leave.

If they were completely alone, there was no way to concentrate on the meal. At the thought of that, Lydia hurriedly called out to Raven.

“Th--that’s alright. Raven, you stay!”

Raven confirmed it again with Edgar’s expression and returned to his place. Sure enough, he could tell what his master was thinking just by reading his glances.

Although it would be unlikely to find an attendant who was as faithful as Raven, Lydia will have to hire a maid to take care of her daily needs.

It would be great if there was someone whom she could get along well with.

*Oh right, I should first inform him about Claire’s matters.*

Just when Lydia remembered and planned to speak, the butler, Tomkins walked into the room.

“Master, Duke Glenn is here.”

Edgar glanced at the clock and then whispered: “He came very early.” But he still stood up.

“I’m sorry, Lydia. I have an appointment with the Duke. I will excuse myself so you should slowly enjoy your dessert.”

The guest was a noble of a higher class, so even if he didn’t follow the appointed time for the visit, one couldn’t let the guest wait. Lydia was aware of that.

“I understand, you don’t have to worry about me.”

He bent down and kissed Lydia on the cheek.

“Thank you, my fairy.”

Edgar left the room in a hurry but turned his head again.

“Ah, that’s right, Tomkins seemed to have something to discuss with you. Can you have a chat with him after your meal?”

“Okay.”

After Edgar left, Lydia called out to Tomkins, who was going to shut the door gently.

“Mr. Tomkins, what is it that you wanted to discuss? You can tell me now if that’s alright.”

Although she was in the middle of a meal, Tomkins was probably in a hurry as well. He took a step into the room again and bowed.

“In that case, please forgive my intrusion. Raven, please serve the dessert.”

After Raven took the plate away, Tomkins came to the side of the table and stood there as he raised the subject.

“The truth is, I don’t know how to deliver the wedding invitation to the fairies and am very troubled because of that.”

“What, do we need to invite fairies to the wedding too?”

Tomkins blinked his round eyes and gravely said:

“The Tomkins family has been the butler of the Blue Knight Earl’s family for generations and therefore, we have kept a list of the names of fairies. It is said



that these are the five fairies that must be invited to attend the Earl's wedding."

Tomkins took out an old rolled up parchment from his coat.

When he opened it to take a look, there were some strange words and symbols written on it.

"How do you read this?"

"I'm not quite sure, but I heard that it would work as long as you write according to this around the area of the recipient. However, I don't know whether I can drop the invitation into a mailbox."

"It should be fine as long as it's dropped into a fairy's mailbox."

I see,

Tomkins clapped his hands. But he immediately looked disturbed.

"But where is the fairy's mailbox?"

"Well, I don't think I've seen one in London."

"Is it something that is visible?"

"There is one near my hometown."

Even Tomkins, who was a descendant of the Merrows, widened his eyes in surprise.

"Oh..... if that's the case, Manan Island should have one too. Alas, it's truly a pity that I didn't notice."

"I think I saw one at the Fairy Market..... that's right, let's ask Nico to send it."

“What? Go to the Fairy Market again? I came here because I was hungry.”

A gray cat who came in through the window spoke discontentedly, then sat on Edgar’s seat.

“Hey -- Raven, give me a dessert too. There should be an extra portion left from the Earl, right?”

Raven came back, carrying the plate with the dessert, and Nico cheekily waved at him.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Nico, Lord Edgar’s portion is for me.”

Raven’s tone was firm, and it seemed that he wasn’t willing to compromise even towards his only friend -- Nico.

“What.....is that so?”

Nico lowered his head in disappointment.

“Raven, do you like desserts as well?”

“Yes, because Mr. Nico likes it, I like it too.”

Lydia felt that this was mistaken for friendship, but since Nico didn’t notice, she didn’t point it out.

Nico slumped his shoulders and tail, and glanced at the chocolate cream tart that was in front of Lydia.

“You can have it.”

“Really?”

Nico finally restored his spirit, and pulled the chocolate tart towards him as he

swayed his tail happily.

But, are you willing to help Mr. Tomkins to run this errand?"

"It really can't be helped."

As he said that, he took a big bite of the chocolate tart.

"Thank you, this way, we should be able to make it in time for the wedding."

Tomkins seemed to have unloaded the burden on his shoulders.

"Ah, that's right, Mr. Tomkins, I met a woman who wanted me to hire her as a maid. She handed her information to me. Could you please hand it to Edgar to have a look?"

"Oh -- is she a friend of yours, Miss Lydia?"

"No, I met her for the first time. Although she had no experience, she seemed like a nice person. I was hoping to at least give her an interview..... she should be coming tomorrow."

"I understand, I will convey it to Master."

Lydia handed the information to Tomkins and hoped that Claire would be able to find work with better conditions.

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"Miss Claire Florey found Lydia and talked to her directly?"

By the time Edgar was informed of this from Tomkins, it was already the next day. However, he didn't even read the documents which Tomkins handed to him yesterday.

"Is she someone you know?"

When Tomkins came into Edgar's office, he noticed Claire's resumé was still on the table where he left it yesterday and there was no sign of it being touched. So, he raised the topic.

"Yes, she used to work as a governess at Lord Bourton's residence whom I was acquainted with."

"Yes, it was mentioned in her resumé. Lord Bourton left London due to some unfortunate events in his family, so she resigned as a governess."

".....Is that so? No wonder she is looking for work."

Tomkins coughed in a manner that hinted at something, then walked to the side of the table and whispered to Edgar:

"Master, if you have previously made a move on her, you will need to tactfully refuse her."

"I didn't."

Although Edgar denied it immediately, but when it came to this woman..... he was thinking as he tried to recall.

She was a cute girl with light brown hair who showed enthusiasm in her work. The Bourton family liked her very much, and the young Bourton daughter also admired her greatly.

Edgar had talked with her several times before. Moreover, it wasn't a difficult matter for Edgar to impress ladies that were interested in him, and he felt that Claire had a favorable impression of him.

Having said that, since Lord Bourton suddenly encountered misfortunes and cut off his ties with everyone, Edgar had neither seen her nor had any contact with her.

To Edgar, Claire was just a tutor who was staying at the house of a friend. She should understand her own position.

No, maybe she didn't understand. After all, Claire approached Lydia and requested her to hire her as her maid. It's possible that this was because she couldn't forget her feelings for Edgar.

Although this thought was too narcissistic, Edgar often encountered these kinds of situations.

Moreover, Claire could be a bold and unpredictable girl. When it came to men, she expressed her feelings more frankly than Lydia. As he thought of that, this incident made Edgar concerned.

"Then, can we include Miss Florey into the list of candidates? Even though she doesn't have any experience working as a maid, her experiences and background are very decent. She also has a good upbringing and should be able

to get along well with Miss Lydia.”

At first, Edgar was contemplating, but suddenly shook his head as if he came to his senses.

“She won’t do.”

“.....As expected, you and her.....”

“That’s not the case. Tomkins, listen carefully. We are looking for a personal maid, not selecting a friend for Lydia. We need a woman who will be responsible for taking care of Lydia’s daily needs. This is the first time for Lydia to have a personal maid, and hiring someone with no experience is inappropriate.”

“I understand, then we’ll do according to your wishes.”

Although he didn’t know if Tomkins really understood or if he still misunderstood Edgar, but after he had said that, he left the room.

In exchange, the next to enter the office was Raven.

Edgar sat weakly on the chair, and muttered towards Raven who was setting down the teacup on the desktop:

“Raven, it isn’t my fault if a woman who’s interested in me appeared, right?”

“Yes.”

“Even if she held my hand, the fault shouldn’t lie with me, right?”

“.....Probably.”

“What if she kisses me without permission?”

“That cannot happen. Even if a woman takes the initiative to try and kiss you, you have the means to do your utmost to prevent it.”

“Raven, if you had the opportunity to experience it, you would understand. Men simply wouldn’t do their utmost to prevent it.”

Edgar sighed.

“Ahh, but it was forced at that time. When Lord Bourton hosted a tea party at his residence, I went to the garden for a bit and dozed off on the bench.”

At that time, Claire appeared. She looked around quietly as she leaned over, pulling her face towards Edgar, whose eyes were closed.

When her lips lightly touched Edgar’s, she quickly fled.

After listening to that, Raven said flatly:

“In other words, you weren’t asleep at all, were you?”

“It was luck that appeared unexpectedly, wasn’t it? It had nothing to do with pretending to be asleep.”

“Lord Edgar, in my opinion, I think it was a seed of disaster, but was that actually luck?”

“All in all, I did not pursue Claire, and furthermore, it seemed like an accident, please understand!”

“You should say that to Miss Lydia.....”

“No, that won’t do. She is innocent and fastidious, so even if it was an unavoidable situation, she would definitely mind.”

If it were his former lovers, it mustn’t be discussed, but now, a woman who shouldn’t have any ambiguity towards him had unexpectedly appeared.

The day of the wedding was approaching soon. He didn’t want Lydia’s mood to be affected by this matter, and if a mistake turned into a fight, it might be difficult to even have a wedding.

“Master.”

Tomkins appeared again.

“Mr. Florey is here to visit, would you like to see him?”

“Mister? It’s not Claire?”

“It seems to be her brother.”

Even though Tomkins’ tone was calm, he frowned slightly.

The other person wasn’t the virtuous kind. He secretly conveyed this message,

“He expressed that he hoped for you to hire Miss Florey. ”

The person claiming to be Claire Florey’ brother was a skinny and pale man.

Edgar remembered seeing him several times before in Lord Bourton’s



mansion, but they had never spoken to each other.

Mr. Florey' soulless eyes kept drifting until Edgar entered the reception room, then he broke into a smile.

"I truly apologize for visiting suddenly, Earl Ashenbert."

"You want me to hire Miss Florey, how considerate of you towards your sister."

"Yes, because she is a sister that I'm proud of. I hope you will hire her. I even brought a recommendation letter."

The recommendation letter that was handed over had Lord Bourton's signature on it. Did he intentionally contact Lord Bourton, who was staying somewhere far away, to write this recommendation letter? Or was this a forgery?

"Shouldn't you be working to support your sister instead?"

Instead of spending the effort to obtain a recommendation letter to help his sister get a job, a brother should play his part by taking the responsibility of caring for his sister until she marries.

"But Earl, no matter what, my sister wishes to come here, that is, to work by your side."

"What I need now is a maid for my wife and besides, I am recruiting a woman

who is familiar with maid duties.”

Even though Edgar responded in a displeased manner, the man was still showing a frivolous smile.

“She doesn’t meet your criteria exactly, but for the areas that she lacks in, let her make it up to you by being your partner. What do you think, Earl?”

After saying that, he observed Edgar’s reaction.

“Me?”

Edgar slightly showed a look of consideration, and the other man started to push ahead.

“You can do anything you like to her. Claire is fond of you. As long as you hire her, no matter what the order is, she will obey. Ah -- having said that, I won’t try and use this as a pretext to raise her salary, it will be fine as long as you pay a tip occasionally..... uh, in short, this should be a very cheap commodity, right?”

Edgar smiled as he threw the recommendation letter in front of the man.

“I never use money to buy women. Men like you really make me sick.”

He turned his back at the stunned Florey.

“Raven, send him out.”

Raven was already standing behind Florey, and he immediately went in front of Florey, threatening him.

“Please leave.”

“Wh--what? Putting on airs now.....”

“Please leave.”

Raven tried to grab Florey’s shoulder, but he lost his temper.

“Don’t touch me with your dirty waiter’s hand!”

Raven grabbed the fist that was thrown at him and twisted it.

Florey let out a scream and after Raven loosened his grip, he fell to the ground.

“Brother!”

At this time, a woman yelled from the door.

She was Claire Florey, who was lead in by the maid.

“Brother, what are you doing here..... what have you done to the Earl?!”

The brother glanced at his stunned sister, then stood up and spat on the floor.

“I was assaulted yet you’re worried about the Earl.”

“That’s because.....”

Florey pushed his sister and ran away. Claire blankly stood in place.

“Long time no see, Miss Florey. It’s great to see you in good spirits.”

Edgar spoke to the pale looking Claire.

“Y--yes..... uh.....”

“It’s not good to stand and talk. Please, have a seat.”

Edgar told Claire not to stand and sat himself down as well. He began to think about how to reply next. Lydia was unable to come over today. This might have been a lucky thing for him.

“Excuse me, did my brother do anything rude.....”

“You don’t have to worry about that. ”

Claire probably wasn’t aware that her brother was planning to sell her off. Edgar thought that at the very least, she wasn’t a woman who would accept such a thing.

“Oh yes, I heard that you met with Lydia and that you wanted to be her maid?”

“I have great respect for you, Earl. I found out that this place was hiring a maid, so I was hoping to work for someone that I respect. ”

“I am grateful for your kind thoughts, but rather than respecting me, what we need is a woman that respects Lydia. ”

She widened her eyes as if she had just realized the naturally expected request.

“Th--this is only natural. I believe I am able to share the same preferences and habits as the mistress. ”

She was the same as Lydia, who wasn’t of noble birth. Was Claire trying to

express this point?

But this would be troublesome, because a maid and her master couldn't be equals.

Moreover, it seemed that she couldn't let go of her feelings for Edgar, thus he was worried that she might do something to harm Lydia.

"What do you think of Lydia?"

".....She's very sincere and fantasizes the existence of fairies..... No, it's because she is such a person that I feel I am suited for this job even more. I love fairy tales. When I was a governess, the little mistresses used to pester me to tell them stories."

She seemed to see Lydia as an ignorant child.  
Edgar sighed deeply.

In short, the conclusion was very clear. Compared to the point of Claire being interested in him, she wasn't fit to be Lydia's maid at all.

He hoped to hire someone who could naturally accept Lydia's abilities.

Edgar stood up to put an end to the conversation.

"Regretfully, I can't hire you. Miss Florey, I hope you can find a good job."

After he finished this sentence with a smile, Claire could only nod.

This way, she wouldn't approach Lydia again. It would be great if she could seal away her subtle feelings for Edgar.

Edgar prayed as he watched Claire leave.

## Chapter 2: The blessing and the curse

In the middle of the night, Lydia heard some talking voices in her room.

When she opened her eyes slightly, she saw something which was crouched whispering in front of the torso that she placed her wedding dress over.

The words she heard were shrill and spoken quickly, with the voices sounding like old cogwheels screeching.

*...Fairies?*

As she got up, one of them turned around.  
(Oh, the bride has woken up.)

It said in a voice that even Lydia could understand. The remaining fairies also turned around at once.

(So this is the lady)  
(Who will become the Blue Knight Earl's bride)

When the fairies moved towards the window where the moonlight shone upon, Lydia could finally see their appearances clearly.

With a scarf over their heads and wearing aprons, their hunched appearances may appear like grannies that one could find anywhere, but their heights were only that of a small child. As the five of them stood in a line beside the bed, they stared at Lydia with their large black eyes.

(It's been a few hundred years since the Earl family had welcomed a bride.)

(Anyway, it is a joyous matter.)

“Er... who are you?”

(We came because we received your invitations.)

Surprised, Lydia remembered the five fairies whose names were in Tomkins’ register which was passed down through the Earl family.

(If you are able to guess our names correctly, we would bestow blessings upon your marriage.)

“Oh...”

Troubled, Lydia looked at the five of them closely. Even if they had told her that suddenly, Lydia did not know the names of the fairies who used to be close with the previous Earl family.

Of course, Edgar probably wouldn't know either. Edgar had simply inherited the title as the Earl of Ibrazel, but he was not related by blood to the previous Earl family at all.

“What will happen if I fail to guess it correctly?”

(Unfortunately, we will not be able to bestow our blessings on you.)

Although it was not as if there will be trouble, Lydia felt that it would be a pity not to be able to receive the blessings from fairies as part of the Earl family’s tradition.

Also, Lydia was a fairy doctor. She had the knowledge concerning fairies which she inherited from her mother. As these could be fairies which belong to a type she knows of, Lydia observed the grannies closely once more.



That was when she realized that the grannies were all holding a spindle.

The flax which was wound around the thin and long spindles had a mysterious lustre. Were they spinstress fairies?

Lydia had heard of sayings about them, that they were generally the allies of women.

Since ancient times, the spinning of flax was the work of goddesses, as well as the daily work of women. That was why it was believed that the better a woman was at spinning flax, the better a marriage she will be able to enter into.

So much so that spindles were given to celebrate the birth of baby girls.

Although there were many spinning mills now, in the past clothes could only be made by spinning flax together by hand. So industrious and patient girls were sought after as better partners for marriage.

Gradually, spinstress fairies became the guardians for women and marriage.

*I see, that's why the Blue Knight Earl family had invited them to wedding ceremonies.*

As she thought over quickly, Lydia tried to recall the names of these fairies.

For those who saw these spinstress fairies, they would be able to receive magical blessings if they know the fairies' names.

A few names had been passed down together with such legends.

“Erm, your names right? ... Trwtyn-Tratyn?”

(Oooh, that’s me.)

*I got it right*, thought Lydia as she felt relieved. One of the five fairies approached the wedding dress with dance-like steps as she twirled her spindle. (May blessings be received by “something old.”)

As she spoke, she touched the lace veil which belonged to Lydia’s mother gently with her spindle.

For a moment, Lydia saw the veil shine lightly.

(Well, please say the names of the remaining four.)

“I got it ... Gwarwyn-a-Throt, Triten-a-Trotten, and then ... Whippety-Stourie!”

As she said it in succession, the fairies twirled around and danced one after another.

The new wedding dress, the borrowed earrings and the silver sixpence in the shoe, all received the magical blessings through the spindle.

But there was still one more who looked up towards Lydia stilly in front of her.

“You are... Let me see...”

*I need to think of one more name for the spinstress fairies.*

“That’s it, Habetrot!”

The petite granny grasped her skirt and spun around. As she moved lightly

towards the dresser where the blue ribbon was placed together with the gloves and garters, she swung her spindle once.

As Lydia gazed upon the blue light which sparkled before being absorbed by the ribbon and disappearing, the fairies stood aligned in front of Lydia once more.

(Bride of the Blue Knight Earl, if you wear these five items, your wedding ceremony will proceed smoothly.)

“Grannies, thank you ... But, what do you mean by “smoothly”?”

(That’s because of the sixth fairy.)

*The sixth fairy?*

As Lydia tilted her head, the window opened with a noise and the wind blew the curtain about.

Turning around while wondering what had happened, Lydia saw another granny standing by the window side.

(Blue Knight Earl! You always, always, exclude me from celebrations. What’s the meaning of not sending me an invitation?!)

The granny glared at Lydia with a frightening expression.

“Wha-what is the matter with you?”

Ignoring Lydia’s question, the fairy granny stretched her hand out towards the wedding dress and the veil. Although she had probably intended to make a mess out of them, she was unable to touch them.

That was probably because of the magical blessings cast by the spinstress fairies.

The granny flew into a rage, but because she knew that there was nothing she could do, she left a sharp parting remark.

(You best watch out, because I am going to ruin the wedding ceremony!)

With that, she vanished together with the wind.

(That's the sixth fairy.)

Said the kind spinstress fairy.

(She may be our old acquaintance, but she is a contrarian; she has no intention of giving her blessings yet she wants to intrude upon joyous occasions.)

(She is probably unable to stomach the fact that she had been ignored by the Blue Knight Earl since before.)

(You don't have to worry about her. As long as you have the blessings from the 5 of us, that fairy will not be able to do anything bad.)

"Is that so? Then the wedding ceremony will not be ruined right?"

Lydia heaved a sigh of relief.

(Do not forget to wear the five items of blessing.)

(We promise a wonderful wedding ceremony and a harmonious life filled with

happiness.)

“Grannies, thank you.”

The next morning, Lydia checked her dress and veil under the bright light.

At the ends of the veil, the tips of the dress’ shoulder, she saw that there were thin and translucent threads softly sewn.

It was the same for the earrings and the blue ribbon. For the silver sixpence in her shoe, however unfathomable it could be, a thread was passed through it.

These probably could not be seen by a normal person. Even for Lydia, she could only see faintly under some degree of light.

Even so, without a doubt, the magical blessings were here.

The sixth fairy may try to ruin the wedding, but things should be fine if she had the magical blessings.

“Miss Lydia, you have a guest.”

As she heard the housekeeper’s voice, Lydia placed the blue ribbon she held neatly on top of the dresser.

“Who is it?”

“She said that she is Miss Claire Florey”

*It’s Claire.*

She should have had her interview at the Earl mansion the other day and Lydia was just wondering how it had turned out.

After telling the housekeeper to bring Claire to her own room, Lydia tidied the top of her table.

“Good morning, Claire. I am glad that you came.”

As she came up the stairs soon after, Lydia welcomed Claire into her room.

“Good morning, Miss Lydia. I came to give my thanks for what you did the other day.”

“You don’t have to. I didn’t do anything.”

Although Lydia wanted to ask if things turned out favourably, seeing as how Claire looked depressed, Lydia invited her to take a seat instead.

“No, thanks to you, I had the opportunity to have myself heard. But as expected, it did not turn out well.”

“...Is that so? That’s unfortunate.”

It was probably Edgar’s decision.

Based on Lydia’s commoner’s sense, she does not know what kind of a person would be suitable as a lady attendant. And since she had left the matter to Edgar to decide, it does not seem like there was anything else Lydia could do for Claire.

“But since we have come to know of each other, you can still come and visit me in the future.”

Lifting her face in surprise, Claire’s expression turned to one of helplessness.

“Do you truly... think that way?”

“Yes, of course.”

But Claire knitted her brows sadly.

And she spoke as though she had brooded deeply.

“Miss Lydia, erm... you are marrying the Earl because you love him right?”

“Eh... th-that’s right.”

Lydia unintentionally fumbled over her words because she was not used to verbalizing such things.

“If...”

“If?”

“N-No, it’s nothing.”

As she said that, she tried to stand up.

“Well then, I’ll ...”

“Hey, why don’t you at least have some tea before leaving?”

Lydia got Claire to be seated again while feeling sorry for not being of help to her.

Because Claire was troubled over her livelihood, Lydia hoped that she could at least relax a little. Also, Claire looked as though she had something to say.

“Please wait a little.”

Lydia went down the stairs to get some tea.

As she peered into the kitchen to look for the housekeeper, the cook informed her that the housekeeper was tidying up her father’s study.

When she returned to the corridor once more, she bumped into Claire who came down the stairs hurriedly.

When Claire's eyes met Lydia's, she appeared flustered and said quickly in a panicked manner.

"As I thought, I should leave. I had only come to give my thanks and inform you of the results..."

"Eh? Is that so?"

"I am sorry. .... Apologies for my intrusion."

There was no time to hold her back.

Claire left the main door hurriedly.

"As I thought, she probably thinks that I am an odd girl."

The moment she tilted her head, she heard a loud noise coming from the second floor and Lydia frowned.

"Hey Nico! What are you doing?"

Running up the stairs and opening the doors to her own room, Lydia couldn't help but be stumped.

Her room was full of fairies. Furthermore, they were climbing up the curtains, jumping up and down on her bed as they pleased and, just as she thought they were having fun by dropping things off the shelf, the books flew about in the air.

"What are all of you doing? Stop! Otherwise, I will throw hazelnuts at you!"

They ceased their movements all at once. The fairies turned their attention towards Lydia. While there were fairies who were as small as insects, there



were also fairies who were about to hit the ceiling. Having the attention of all these strange-looking fairies turned towards her at the same time, even Lydia faltered.

“See. We got scolded.”

She heard a thoughtless voice.

Nico, who had been sitting by the windowsill, jumped and landed on the floor. And in a self-important manner, he placed his paws on his hips and began his speech.

“Alright everyone, this is Lydia, a Fairy Doctor and also the Blue Knight Earl’s bride-to-be. As you can see, she is scary when you misbehave so behave yourselves and give your blessings quietly at the wedding ceremony.”

“Hang on, Nico. What do you mean by “scary”?”

Although Lydia protested, the fairies nodded their heads in unison.

“O-kay, then, go ahead and do some sightseeing around London or something. Do not end up in any trouble with humans.”

Just as Nico was finishing his talk, the fairies all disappeared at once.

Looking around her messed up room, Lydia sighed and glared at Nico.

“Why did you bring so many fairies over?”

“I was just teaching them the rules of the human world. Many of them are country bumpkins who have never come to London or the human world before.”

Even so, the timing was bad.

“As I thought, it was your fault that Claire had run away in shock because so many fairies came intruding.”

Even if she can't see fairies, she was bound to feel that something was wrong with so many fairies forcing their way into the room. It was only natural that Claire would be unnerved by seeing things fall off the shelves and curtains or paintings swaying even though there was no one around.

“The girl earlier? She had left the room hurriedly before the fairies came over. She had a look of shock just by having me come in through the window.”

“Isn't it because you showed her that you were walking on two feet?”

After tidying up the books which were strewn all over and returning the cushions and slippers to where they were, Lydia then went to check on the wedding dress.

“Ehh... I was pretending to be a cat.”

Lydia felt relieved as she did not find any problems with the wedding dress. The fact that it appeared that the wedding dress wasn't hit by things thrown by the fairies was probably due to the magic from the spinstress fairies.

“Hey Nico, did the blue ribbon fall somewhere?”

When Lydia went to check the top of the dresser next, she realized that the blue ribbon was gone.

“Hmmm? It isn't below the dresser.”

Looking underneath the furniture, Nico replied.

“That’s odd.”

Although Lydia shifted the bed covers and the cushions on the chairs to check, she could not find the blue ribbon.

“I wonder if the fairies took it away with them.”

No, the fairies would not be able to touch it because magic had been cast on it.

“Isn’t it that girl?”

“Eh, you mean Claire?”

“Speaking of which, she was standing in front of the dresser when I came into the room. She looked like she was hiding something”

“It can’t be... that cannot be.”

Although Lydia felt that Claire was not the sort of person to steal from others, Lydia was confused.

It was true that Claire appeared odd when she left hurriedly.

But what can she do by stealing the ribbon? There was a pearl earring right beside the blue ribbon so to not take the pearl earring but just the ribbon made no sense.

“Was it just the ribbon that you lost? If so you can just buy another one.”

As Nico had said, it was not an expensive item and it was just a common ribbon.

But that ribbon was also one of a kind.

“I can’t just buy another ribbon Nico. That was the ribbon that received the fairies’ blessings last night. Without that, the fairy that bears a grudge against the Blue Knight Earl family will come and ruin the ceremony!”

Contrary to Lydia who was panicking, Nico sat down in the chair leisurely and crossed his legs.

“If so, how about just asking the girl earlier to return it to you?”

“How can I treat her like a thief when I do not have evidence?”

Also, it will be the end if she simply replied that she does not know.

Lydia paced around her room while pondering about what she could do.

“But do you think that she will just return it quietly? To begin with, why would she take away that kind of ribbon? Because she has dreams about getting married?”

That may be so.

Girls will naturally be interested in wedding dresses and the accessories, and so may just want to pick them up to take a look. But because Nico entered and she was shocked by the sound, she ended up hiding it.

She is probably regretting what she did now.

“If so, if I invite her to my room once more and casually talk about the blue ribbon, she may return the blue ribbon to me quietly.”

“Well, if she had no intention to steal, it is possible.”

In any case, if Claire had taken the ribbon, then Lydia will need to have the ribbon returned to her in any way possible.

Lydia wondered how she could invite Claire to her room once more without appearing unnatural.

Because if this does not turn out well, the wedding ceremony might be ruined. Lydia thought about this desperately.

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On that same day, Lydia visited the Earl mansion in the afternoon and was led to the parlour by Raven.

Just as she thought that that was different from usual, Lydia saw a variety of fabric spread out over the sofa.

“What’s this?”

“These are high quality woollen fabric. The Connaughts had delivered these over.”

Edgar entered the room after Lydia in a seemingly good mood.

“The Connaughts? From Hebrides?”

That's the clan which Edgar was close to.

"That's right. See Lydia, come and feel the texture. It feels soft but it is still warm because it is dense. It's perfect as an outerwear for winter. Let's have a dress made for you first. How about this one which is moss-green in colour? It's an elegant colour isn't it?"

Holding up one end of the fabric, Edgar placed it over Lydia's shoulder.

"Yes... But what is this about? A congratulatory gift?"

"No, these are samples for a new product."

"A product?"

"Yes, I invested funds into businesses which would help with the clan's livelihood and with this, it looks like it is possible to sell wool made in the Hebrides for a good price. If it becomes a specialty of the Hebrides, the Connaughts will benefit. Since the other clans also have the technique to make wools, if the demand increases, this can also become the impetus for the clans on the islands to rebuild their livelihoods."

"Edgar, since when have you started with this plan?"

Grinning, Edgar took Lydia's hands and sat her on the sofa. Edgar spoke happily while still holding on to Lydia's hands.

"Although I had thought that it was a risky bet, it looks like things will end without needing you to lead a thrifty lifestyle. Duke Glenn ... the aristocrat who came by the other day, is an acquaintance of Clan Chief Connaught and with Duke Glenn's assistance, we have already secured buyers."

“Is that so? That’s good to hear. But I am good at being thrifty.”

“That’s reassuring to hear but for me, I would not want you to exercise your expertise at thriftiness. So let’s make you a dress out of this and make this fashionable in the high society.”

Lydia did not fully understand but it appears that Edgar had succeeded in one of his businesses. And with that, the Earl family had benefited from it economically.

Aristocrats would usually receive their income from the rental of lands they owned, but at the very least, Edgar was not solely depending on that.

Although Lydia still needed to work on household accounting, which might be more complex considering the Earl family’s enormous income and expenditures, Lydia still felt glad that, by exhibiting dresses made from material from the Hebrides in the high society, she would be able to do something for her mother’s hometown Hebrides.

When Lydia revealed a small smile, Edgar, who had been gazing straight at her, touched her hair as if he had been waiting for her smile.

“Let’s have a dress with an extraordinary design which suits you made.”

“But I wonder if the ladies’ attention will be caught if it’s someone like me wearing the dress.”

“Don’t worry. Our wedding is being watched even by the high society. We have already received various invitations for the autumn gatherings. Since you

will definitely be the center of attention, dresses you wear will also capture their attention.”

Hearing that, Lydia became restless.

Even the schedule after our wedding has already been decided?

Although she knew that they would socialize in the high society as husband and wife, if any trouble occurred during the wedding ceremony, it would become a scandal for the Earl family.

*I must not allow the fairy to interfere.*

Lydia, who was thinking hard about that, was absent-minded even as Edgar embraced her.

“Aahh, how troublesome....”

“... Lydia?”

As Edgar peered into her face in a puzzled manner, she came back to her senses.

“Troublesome?”

“Eh, no, it’s nothing. Th-That’s right, Edgar, I have a favour to ask of you.”

“I’ll listen to anything except a request to show restraint in my kisses.”

Although Edgar appeared to be slightly offended, Lydia’s mind was full of her own problems.

“About Claire...”

“I have already rejected her.”



“I know. Because she came to my house specially to inform me. I understand that she does not have any experience as a lady attendant, but can’t we just treat it as a trial period and observe her for the time being?”

“She went to your house?”

Edgar asked in a reprimanding manner.

“...That’s right. Since I was somewhat the go-between, she said that she wanted to thank me.”

“That’s all? She didn’t say anything else to you right?”

“What anything else?”

“...No, it’s nothing.”

Edgar frowned and averted his eyes.

“In any case, I have no intention of employing her.”

“But I feel that if it’s Claire, I would be able to get along with her.”

“I don’t think so. She doesn’t appear to be able to understand your abilities nor fairies.”

“It’s not possible for her to do so right away. But once she gets used to it... How about if she comes to my house until the wedding ceremony?”

“Why are you so fixated over this? I’ll find a lady attendant who is more capable and suited for you, so you can just leave it to me.”

But the one holding on to the ribbon with the fairy’s blessing was probably Claire.

Yet there was no way Lydia could tell Edgar that. That would mean treating Claire as a thief even though there was no concrete evidence.

Moreover, if it turns out that it was really Claire who took the ribbon, not only will Edgar definitely not employ her, this would also cast a shadow on Claire's future.

It was a fatal shortcoming for a servant to have laid hands on the masters' belongings. Of course, even as a tutor, she would not be able to be employed.

In any case, Lydia did not want to make a big deal out of it. Lydia was fine so long as Claire returns the ribbon.

"It should be fine for me to get used to having a lady attendant around me before I get married right?"

"If so, I'll decide immediately. There is a suitable candidate."

"I... want to get to know Claire better!"

Lydia said that firmly, but Edgar did not budge either.

"I'm against it!"

Lydia could not afford to think about why Edgar was so stubborn about it. With her thoughts full of how it was for the sake of their wedding, Lydia got mad.

Although she was also at fault for not explaining to Edgar properly about what

happened, Lydia could not understand why it just can't be Claire.

Without realizing that Edgar was against Claire because of problems on his end, Lydia got mad and stood up.

"If that's the case I'll employ her! Since we're not married yet, you shouldn't have any issues if I decide to employ my own lady attendant right?"

"Lydia..."

Not lending a hear to his calls for her to stop, Lydia burst out of the room as if she were shaking Edgar off.

"Earl, what happened? You appear down."

Paul said that. Edgar lifted his face as he placed the rough sketch he had been looking at on the table.

"I think it's good. Please proceed with this."

"Yes ... I understand."

Although Paul was still bothered, he replied that and looked towards Edgar. He paused in his painting, stood up from his chair, walked towards the table and reached out towards the cold black tea.

Edgar dropped by Paul's lodgings and studio and decided to look at Paul work without interfering, but he ended up becoming the reason why Paul was unable to concentrate.

"Paul, have you ever been called 'troublesome' by ladies before?"

"Eh, no I ... since I do not even have much opportunity to speak with ladies ...

But Earl, even for someone like you who is adept at entertaining ladies, you were told that?”

“You also think it is impossible right? I am really in shock. It seems like Lydia finds it troublesome to respond to my expressions of love.”

“Well, most likely she finds that it is becoming a pain.”

The one who said that, was Lota who appeared from the room inside.

“What, so you’re here as well? What were you doing in Paul’s bedroom?”

“Earl no, it’s not like that! Lota asked me to let her rest because she was a little tired.”

Sparing no thought to Paul who explained himself in a hurry, Lota let out a huge yawn. Even if she was wearing an extravagant dress, it was just Lota to not care about her appearance at all.

“Since I had been drinking with my buddies until the morning, it just became troublesome to go home, and I remembered that Paul’s lodgings were nearby.”

“Th-that’s right. I definitely did not forcibly bring a single lady into my place.”

“Paul, I think you can afford to be a little less serious. I know that if it’s Lota we are talking about, there is no way for any misunderstanding to arise.”

Snorting, Lota came towards Edgar's side and placed her arms around his shoulder in an over-familiar manner.

"For you, because you like Lydia too much, you tend to touch her excessively and that's why she finds you bothersome."

"Even so I am already restraining myself considerably."

"I worry for your future."

Although she said that to sympathize with Edgar, Lota couldn't help but find it so amusing that she had to stifle her own laughter.

Indeed, the future is worrisome. Even though the wedding ceremony is on the horizon, there were many tricky things happening.

Furthermore, it seems that Lydia does not feel the need to spend time alone with her fiancé as much as Edgar does.

No, that can't be helped. To ladies, a marriage means farewell to their family and life which they had until now. It probably brings about a complicated state of mind. Also, for Edgar, he did not feel unhappy about Lydia not actively initiating any physical contact with him. Because when Edgar wished for it, Lydia does respond like a lover would, and Edgar found this lovable.

But, isn't it too much if she were only responding because she felt that she had to, while finding it troublesome?

Moreover, Edgar simply couldn't understand why Lydia had said that she wanted Claire as her lady attendant.

“Edgar, don’t doubt Lydia’s feelings for you even if she finds you troublesome. She was really enjoying herself when she was finding ‘something blue.’”

“I don’t need you to tell me that.”

Edgar retorted sullenly.

This was a wedding that both wished for from the bottom of their hearts. Although many things had happened, the bonds with Lydia had indeed become stronger. Edgar believed that even though there were some interferences, their feelings wouldn’t change.

Even so, he did not want to proceed with the wedding ceremony while still being in an argument.

*Should I employ Claire?*

As Edgar fell into deep thought, he heard footsteps running up the stairs.

‘Paul! Are you there?’

Two well-built men entered Paul’s room in a familiar manner. Realizing that Edgar was present, they stood upright in surprise.

“Earl... You’re here.”

“Hi, Jack and Louis, it’s been a while.”

The twins were so identical from their faces to their built that it took some time in order to tell them apart. They were members of the ornamental artist guild, Scarlet Moon, which Paul also belonged to.

Scarlet Moon was a guild which was established because of an affinity it shared with the Blue Knight Earl three hundred years ago. But it was that link with the Blue Knight Earl that caused them to be targeted by Prince’s

organization.

Within the guild, there were many who, like Paul's father, had been murdered by Prince's organization. Edgar had also fought alongside them as Scarlet Moon's leader until recently.

But with Prince now dead, Scarlet Moon was returning to being what it was originally as a guild for artists.

Edgar had already stepped down from being their leader.

Although Jack and Louis probably did not know of the specifics, they were probably told that Edgar was no longer related to them in any way.

"Yes, erm, we heard that you would be tying the knot in the near future. Congratulations."

"Thank you. Well then, Paul, I'll be leaving."

As he said that and tried to stand up, Jack and Louis suddenly moved towards him and stood on both sides of the chair.

It was as if they were preventing Edgar from escaping.

And then, both spoke out at the same time.

'Earl, please help us!'

The well-built twins used to work together with Edgar as his bodyguards, but being taciturn, this was the first time they had ever asked Edgar for a favour in this manner.

“Help? You guys?”

“Mr. Slade had been taken in by the police under the suspicion of murder and fraud.”

“Ehhh!”

Paul was more surprised than anyone else.

Slade, an art dealer, was a man who was also part of the guild’s top brass.

Before Edgar became the leader, and at the present moment, Slade was the one who held the guild together in actuality.

Being a stubborn man, Slade had initially showed an attitude of being unable to trust Edgar, who was unrelated to the Blue Knight Earl, entirely. But having recognised Edgar as the leader in order to fight against Prince’s organization, Slade had followed Edgar with a serious attitude.

As an art dealer and operator of a club, Slade had enthusiastically introduced the artists of Scarlet Moon to clientele from the high society. While he may not be a flexible person, it was difficult to believe that Slade would commit fraud or murder.

“Is that true? ... But why exactly?”

Paul was flustered and moved about in confusion while still holding on to his paintbrush.

“It’s true. Both Mr Slade’s club and gallery were raided, and the paintings and artworks which he had been safekeeping were seized. Even the paintings which were due to be handed over to the clients over the next few days, everything.”



“There were also others who were part of the top brass or members of the guild who had their houses entered as they also came under the suspicion of being accomplices.”

“That can’t be.”

Paul, who said that with his head buried in his hands, looked towards Edgar pleadingly. But Edgar forcibly stood up from the chair.

“I am someone who no longer has any ties with the guild. You’ve already heard about that from Slade no?”

When he looked towards the twins, they took a step back out of reflex. But they soon came to their senses and stood in Edgar’s way.

“But Earl, you are the only person we can depend on.”

“I heard that Slade was infuriated over me exiting the guild abruptly. There probably is also a substantial number of members who feel the same. Isn’t talking to me the judgement of just the two of you?”

Jack and Louis faced each other and lowered their eyes.

They probably came to Paul’s place to inform him in hopes of the news reaching Edgar’s ears.

“It’s true that there were some who said ... that the Earl had abandoned Scarlet Moon. But we believe that there must be some reason behind it ... After

all, Paul still respects you.”

“There’s no reason. It was just my selfishness that I stepped down as a leader abruptly.”

Edgar said that clearly.

Edgar himself had ended up becoming the person who holds Prince’s memories. There lies the possibility of him becoming the successor of Prince, and Prince is the one who Scarlet Moon wants to take revenge on because of the many comrades who were murdered by Prince. Paul was the only one who is aware of this and Edgar had selfishly stepped down as the leader without being able to tell Scarlet Moon’s members about this.

Edgar thought that he should no longer get himself involved with them.

“Edgar, you’re being distant. You should at least hear them out.”

But Lota interrupted. She had surrounded Edgar in order to help Jack and Louis.

“So, you said that Mr. Slade is being suspected; what kind of incident is it?”

Perhaps it was because Lota had helped Scarlet Moon before, as it seems that Jack and Louis did not think of her as an outsider. They answered her question honestly.

“From the bits and pieces of information we have, it seems that there is a problem with Mr. Slade inheriting the articles of the artist under Scarlet Moon who died last month.”

Rather than saying that they were answering Lota's question, Jack and Louis were explaining to Edgar as they faced him.

"The artist in question is called Owen, and because he does not have a single relative, he had left behind a will stating that if anything untoward were to happen to him, all his paintings and assets would be left to Scarlet Moon."

"In other words, Mr. Slade is the inheritor?"  
Lota asked.

"Yes. But there is someone who holds another of Owen's will and it seems that he is saying that Mr. Slade had cheated him of the articles which should have belonged to him."

Louis said that while facing Edgar.

"So that's how it is. And, what about the authenticity of that will?"

"It seems that it has been decided that that person's copy is the authentic copy and Mr. Slade had forged the other will. On top of that, it is also alleged that Owen's sudden death was because he had been poisoned ..."

As Louis was at a loss for words, Jack took over.

"In the past, there had also been instances of Mr. Slade taking over the articles of deceased members who had no relatives. Scarlet Moon is a guild for artists. Because we are both comrades and family, it's only natural that if something untoward were to happen to us, we would want our articles to become funds for our comrades' sake. Yet it seems that there is now a suspicion that before this, there may have been artists who were made to write their wills and were poisoned."

“Then, what’s the relation between the painter Owen and the man who said that he holds another will?”

“We don’t really know. We don’t even know where this person is from ... Only that Owen had been missing from Scarlet Moon’s gatherings since a few months before. He did not allow anyone to go near his studio. He had also kept his curtains tightly drawn. I had heard of rumours saying that he was working on a painting that cannot be seen.”

“That’s odd. This smells of a conspiracy.”

Although Lota had said something irresponsible, Edgar shared the same thoughts.

“In any case, Edgar, you know people from the Yard don’t you? You’ll be able to find out more about the incident from that end right?”

Lota was completely taking charge of the situation.

Edgar, who had ended up learning about what had happened reluctantly, heaved a deep sigh.

“For now, that’s the only thing I can help with you alright?”

Even so, Louis, Jack and Paul all changed their expression to one of relief.

“That’s great .... To be able to consult the Earl. At the rate things are going, everyone keeps saying that it may be inevitable that suspicions may fall on Scarlet Moon as an organization.”

It would be difficult to say that Scarlet Moon, being an organization which had fought against a dark organization, is innocent in the eyes of the law. With Slade being suspected of murder, if it had been decided that this was a crime that involved the entire organization, it would be a fatal blow to the guild.

“But you should not expect that I would be able to help Slade regain his freedom immediately. Although we do not know who it is, it has been decided that the will that person holds is the authentic will isn’t it? If Slade really didn’t forge the documents, it would mean that there is someone who is capable of twisting facts involved.”

And depending on who that person is, Edgar may also be unable to do anything about it.

“Do you mean that it could be an influential aristocrat?”

Lota groaned as she folded her arms.

“Well, if it’s something that I can do, I’ll also help out.”

With that, Lota placed her hands on Edgar’s shoulders in an over-friendly manner.

Edgar wondered if Lota was really a lady because he did not feel any uplift in his spirits even as Lota did that to him.

“If so Lota, can you tell me why Lydia wants Claire to be her lady attendant?”

“Huh? What are you talking about?”

“What, so you don’t know? It’s fine then.”

Perhaps it was because they had already finished talking about their situation, the twins finally relaxed their coercive encirclement and Edgar slipped past them.

Standing at the doorway, he turned back.

“I think you already know, but no matter what, my priority is Lydia. And the wedding ceremony next week. Even if Slade is about to be hanged, I will prioritize Lydia, alright?”

As Edgar left the building where Paul’s lodgings were and exited onto the street, Raven was waiting beside the carriage.

“Ahh, I wonder if the wedding ceremony will proceed smoothly.”

Edgar muttered while not exactly directing it at Raven. Somehow, it seems to be full of problems.

“No, what good will it do for me to be fainthearted over this? No matter what happens I will no longer postpone the wedding. Definitely not! You understand that right, Raven?”

Raven, who had opened the carriage’s door, straightened his back out of nervousness as he was called out to.

“...Yes, I will not let anyone interfere with the wedding even if it’s at the cost of my life.”

That's right, Raven is probably the only person who understands exactly how important this wedding is to Edgar.

Every single person is complicating matters in this important period.

Even Lydia, the bride-to-be, is...

"Thank you, Raven. I knew that you would say that for me."

Raven would never renege on his words. Although he was aware that he was making an unreasonable demand on Raven, Edgar was able to calm his heart somewhat because of his faithful follower's words.

## Chapter 3: Where did the blue ribbon go?

*What should I do.....?*

Claire looked at the blue ribbon on the table and sighed heavily.

*Why did I take the ribbon away?* She didn't understand it herself either.

While she was in Lydia's room, she dreamily looked at the wedding dress that was on the mannequin. In order for the lace, which lined the veil, to exude the same ambiance, it was decorated onto the collar and sleeves, and using silk as the base plus the several layers of organdy made it seem like the dress was floating in the sunlight amidst the morning mist, as if it was surrounded by a faint light.

This was a graceful and elegant dress, like air, foam, or even fairy wings.

Claire thought to herself that she was such a blessed girl.

*Being able to become the bride of Earl Ashenbert is truly such a blessing.*

*If I was the bride, what kind of scene would it be?*

Claire couldn't help but imagine.

The chosen partner of the person who Claire longed for wasn't a noble's daughter. Since that was the case, as long as there were some opportunities, she might become like Lydia.

*If only I had talked with him more.*

*If only I had told him how I felt.*

*If only I had met him before Lydia.*



In Claire's mind, Lydia wasn't too different from her, and so she felt this way.

By the time she realized it, she had already taken the blue ribbon that was on the vanity table.

One could become a happy bride if she put on a blue item which symbolized purity. She knew of this saying as well.

*If this ribbon belonged to me.....*

just as she thought this, a sound came from the window. Claire was shocked and hid the ribbon behind her.

She looked out of the window and found a gray cat staring at her.

*It's only a cat.*

Although she was relieved, she didn't put the ribbon back on the vanity table because she heard Lydia's footsteps coming from below the stairs.

She was so flustered that she didn't know what she was doing, and rushed out of the room holding the ribbon.

Now, Lydia's blue ribbon was right in front of her, and Claire didn't know what to do.

*If this continues, I will become a thief. I must return this to her.*

But once she returns the ribbon, Claire might be blamed for what she had done no matter what reason she gave. Perhaps this would reach the Earl's ears

as well.

Claire was afraid and unable to move at the thought of this.

Even though it was an unrequited love, she didn't want to be despised by the person she admired.

Then came a knock on the door. Claire immediately returned to her senses and stuffed the ribbon beneath the cushions.

After she steadied her breath and responded, the housekeeper of the assigned room opened the door.

"There is a letter for you."

".....Thank you."

Claire took the letter and was surprised after seeing the name of the sender.

The sender was Lydia Carlton.

As the housekeeper was leaving, she quickly opened the envelope. After repeatedly reading the content of the letter several times, she began to think about what was going on.

Lydia asked Claire if she would like to try working as a maid for a month. The day after the letter was sent out, she came to the Carlton's residence.

Even though Claire agreed to work at the Carlton's residence before the wedding ceremony, she still seemed slightly puzzled.

“Miss Lydia, why did you..... didn’t the Earl say that you needed a maid with experience?”

“In that case, I will be the one to hire you. If Edgar knows that you are a capable maid, then I can convince him.”

“But you went to such extent.....”

“I’ve never employed a maid either. If the person was someone who was used to serving young noble ladies, it’s possible that because I regard everything with a commoner’s mindset, it will be very shocking, won’t it?”

“.....Pardon me, but is this really the only way?”

“What, of course.....it is. Why do you ask?”

Lydia was surprised but she still answered.

“.....No, it’s nothing.”

With regards to Lydia, these were naturally sincere words.

From getting dressed to taking a bath, Lydia probably couldn’t accept being served by a maid. But if she were to do everything by herself, she might be face contempt for thinking like a commoner.

Therefore, if possible, she would like to hire a woman like Claire, who had no preconceptions of a maid’s work.

Having said that, hoping that she could return the blue ribbon which was also Lydia’s important goal.

“Th--that’s right, Claire, this is a little sudden, but could I ask you to help pull

the carpet in front of the vanity table?"

Although Claire became restless upon hearing the word 'vanity table', Lydia continued to speak in order not to seem too deliberate.

"It was probably a strong wind that had blown the ribbon behind the vanity table. I will soon be getting someone to move the furniture, but the carpet is in the way."

*It would be great if she quietly placed the ribbon behind the vanity table.*

Even though this is what Lydia had been wracking her brains to come up with, but would it go smoothly?

Claire replied softly: "Alright."

"Hey, Lydia."

As soon as Lydia opened the door, she saw a dark-haired man sitting by the window, and so she quickly closed the door.

"Miss Lydia, is something wrong?"

Claire was puzzled. Lydia shook her head as she pressed on the door and said:

".....It's nothing, I forgot that the room is in a mess. Let's come back later."

"In that case, let me tidy it up."

"What! Y--you're right.....but....."

*Seriously, why did Kelpie choose to appear at this time? He clearly hasn't been showing up for a long time.*

Just when Lydia was worrying about how to explain this to Claire, the door opened suddenly and Kelpie held on to Lydia, who was about to fall.

"What's wrong with you, Lydia? Don't ignore my existence."

This tall and fierce-looking young man was tightly holding on to Lydia. Claire widened her eyes and was looking at Lydia and Kelpie. A girl who was about to get married was unexpectedly being quite intimate with a man who wasn't her fiancé. Perhaps the scene before her eyes seemed like a disastrous matter.

If the person was a human male, for Lydia, this was something that would never happen.

But he was a fairy. He used to be a kelpie who only fed on humans, but he liked Lydia very much, and was a slightly peculiar acquaintance of Lydia's.

For Lydia, this was like sleeping in the same bed with Nico, but if this continued on, Claire would definitely misunderstand.

"Eh, that's not it, h--he's a horse!"

Even though Lydia immediately said so and pushed Kelpie away, her actions might have made Claire more overwhelmed.

Claire looked at Lydia with an expression worrying about whether or not there were problems.

".....No, I mean he's my cousin."

The topic of fairies was still taboo for her. Even though Lydia noticed this and changed her mind, Claire probably saw her as a strange woman in result.

"I see."

Claire nodded but didn't seem to be too convinced.

"As I was saying, it turns out that this room had a pile of enchanted things in it, so it's no wonder that I smelled something awful."

After Kelpie walked around the room, he stopped in front of the bridal gown and revealed an expression of disgust.

To Kelpie, who was an Unseelie Court, the enchantments from the yarn spinning fairies was a kind of magic power that made him feel unpleasant.

"You need to wear this kind of thing for the wedding? Aren't fruits better?"

"Uh, Claire, don't mind what this person says. Let's quickly tidy up the carpet."

Lydia forcefully interrupted Kelpie.

"Hey, Lydia."

Minding her own business, she bent down towards the floor, pretending that Kelpie didn't exist.

Kelpie completely treated Claire as if she was air. Come to think of it, he hardly showed interest in any human besides Lydia. Moreover, he wasn't like Nico, who could understand humans and pretend to be an ordinary cat in front of strangers, so nothing could be done.

“Could you help me turn over the carpet on that side?”

“Alright.....

Although she was suspicious, Claire still went to the other side of the carpet and crouched down.

“What are you doing now?”

“.....Well, something might have fallen to the back of the vanity table.”

The one who answered was Claire. It seemed that she couldn't ignore Lydia's cousin's question, but it startled Lydia and she let go of the carpet.

“Why, let me do it then.”

“N--no! Kelpie!”

Lydia wanted to grab Kelpie's clothes to stop him, but it was too late.

Kelpie, who possessed brute force from head to toe, easily lifted up the vanity table, which was fairly heavy, and moved it away.

*Ahh I'm done for.....*

Lydia pressed her hand on her forehead but it was already too late.

“There's nothing at the back. Do you want to move the wardrobe?”

*The plan that I've spent all night thinking about is ruined.*

“.....There's no need for that today! We'll talk next time, Kelpie.”

Lydia stood in front of Kelpie and clenched her hands, trying to ask him to leave.

“What’s wrong? You’re in a bad mood, is it because you’re about to get married and that’s why you’re being impatient? Ah, I know, is it that time of month?”

“Y--you..... what are you saying?!”

Kelpie grinned and casually rubbed Lydia’s hair.

“Oh well, it doesn’t matter. In any case, even if you’re married, I still belong to you.”

*Don’t say something that will cause a misunderstanding!*

Just as Lydia was swallowing her words, Kelpie quickly left through the second floor window.

Claire was staring at this scene blankly, and seemed a little, no, completely shocked.

As for Lydia’s proposal to set a trial period of hiring her as a maid, she said she wanted to think about it a little. Not long after, she left.

\*

The next day, Edgar visited the Carlton’s residence in the afternoon.



Recently, they hadn't been able to spend lunchtime together, therefore, they took the opportunity of a short amount of time to have tea at the Carlton residence.

They hadn't seen each other for two days since their dispute over Claire's issue, but Edgar didn't bring up the topic.

If he didn't say anything, then Lydia must raise the issue.

Although Lydia thought that Claire wouldn't come back, she might change her mind as well. Therefore, Lydia couldn't hide from Edgar that she suggested to hire her on a trial basis.

"Well..... um, Edgar."

Putting down the teacup, Lydia said carefully:

"I invited Claire to the house yesterday."

"I know, Professor Carlton told me about it."

Lydia was at a loss for words. She never thought that her father would inform Edgar of this.

However, even if her father rarely concerned himself with trivial matters, knowing that his daughter, who was about to get married, was planning to hire a maid without permission, he would want to hear her fiancé's opinion.

".....I'm sorry, but I....."

"It doesn't matter. Right now, you are still the Professor's daughter. It would be rude of me to give my opinion if your father had already given his permission."

Even though the manner of his speech sounded a little cross, there was nothing to be done about it.

“Then, will you dismiss her after our marriage?”

Edgar stared at Lydia and sighed.

“Do you see me as such an unreasonable man?”

He seemed a little helpless when he said that, but he didn’t look too unhappy.

Lydia was relieved once he started to smile.

“That’s great..... although I’m not even sure if she’ll accept, but thank you for agreeing, Edgar.”

Lydia returned his smile. By the time she realized it, her hand was already held.

“Lydia, do you love me?”

“Er.....well.....”

Lydia’s voice was so soft, it was almost inaudible. Up until now, she still couldn’t say such words while looking at Edgar’s face, and she was so shy that she couldn’t look him in the eye.

“We can always be together like this from now on.”

“Ah..... yes.”

Despite answering, she recalled that if this continued, the wedding might not go smoothly.

“How many children would you like to have?”

That’s right, I must think of a way before the wedding.

But, the ceremony will be held in just a few days.

"I hope to have ten children."

Not knowing if Edgar's banter was a joke or truth, Lydia was not in the mood to retaliate.

"Hey, can the wedding be postponed?"

However, this reply was definitely too abrupt. Edgar was surprised.

".....Was that too many? Then how about seven, no, five is good as well."

"Eh, it's not because of that."

He frowned with grim expression, which was never seen before.

"Are you serious?"

He's angry. As Lydia thought that, she lowered her head.

"Edgar, listen to me, the fairy....."

"I won't. No matter what happens I won't postpone it."

"But....."

The blue ribbon disappeared, and if the wedding is carried out in this situation, something will definitely get in the way when the time comes. Although she didn't know what the fairy actually wanted to do, Lydia couldn't stand the destruction of her once in a lifetime wedding ceremony.

Moreover, if the wedding can't be held due to the fairy causing trouble, it will still be postponed in the end.

Instead of postponing it due to having troubles on the actual day, wouldn't it be better to decide to delay it beforehand?

"Edgar, there's a reason for this."

"Reason? It's possible that I could lose myself due to Prince's memories, is that why you're beginning to fear me?"

"No! How could that possibly be the reason!"

"In that case, there isn't any other reason to delay the marriage! No matter what happens, there's only be one future for us, isn't there?"

"Yes, but....."

Lydia wanted to hold Edgar's hand, but he withdrew his hand and stood up.

"Hey, won't you listen to me?"

"I don't want to continuing arguing anymore. No matter what reason you give, I absolutely won't postpone the wedding."

*So, I'm leaving now.* Edgar said.

"I just..... wanted to start a new life with you with a joyous heart!"

Lydia desperately blurted everything out towards Edgar's back and he looked back in surprise.

Edgar stroked her cheek with a heart-broken expression.

"I'm sorry, Lydia, but I beg you, please don't wish for a postponement. Because even now, I still can't believe that I was able to capture your heart."

They were both clearly looking forward to the same thing. Once Lydia noticed this, she felt uncomfortable and lowered her head.

Lydia would also lose her sense of reality because of the happiness she felt.

She had almost given up on marrying Edgar once. At that time, she could only make that choice and the suffering that she felt was re-emerging.

*When I open my eyes, will I be back at that lonely mansion in the Hebrides islands?*

Just by thinking about this, Lydia was too afraid to fall asleep.

Edgar also felt the pain, even more than Lydia.

This was because although the Aurora fairy's poison in Lydia's body was completely eliminated, Edgar continued to bear the Prince's memories.

"I'll come again tomorrow."

After saying that, he strangely left without kissing Lydia.

"What on earth should I do?"

Alone by herself that night, Lydia dejectedly fell onto her bed.

Nico, who was sleeping in the bed, was shaken off, falling to the ground.

"Whoa! Lydia, watch it!"

In the end, she was still unable to come up with a good way to get the blue ribbon back, furthermore, the near quarrel with Edgar during the day only left a

bad taste in her mouth after the event.

Just because of losing a ribbon and having a disagreement with Edgar, this really was too foolish.

But without the ribbon, terrible things would definitely happen at the wedding ceremony.

As matters stand, instead of thinking of ways to get the blue ribbon back, it might be better to think of other ways.

“That’s right, Nico, if I have Habetrot to cast a spell again.....I wonder, would the yarn spinning fairy still be in the Fairy Market?”

“Uh, maybe.”

Nico unhappily began rubbing the sleep from his eyes and started to tidy his fur.

“We’re going to the market!”

Lydia got up from the bed and spoke with complete enthusiasm.

“We’re going now? I was about to have a rest after dinner.”

“Nico, if my wedding is postponed, you won’t be able to drink the Earl household’s delicious black tea for the time being either.”

Nico unwillingly stood up.

Lydia put a shawl over her shoulders, dressed simply, and quietly slipped out

of the house with Nico without letting Father know.

Walking alone in the streets of London at night was very dangerous. Unmarried women shouldn't be doing this kind of thing, but as long as Nico lead her through the fairy passage, her figure couldn't be seen.

Whether it was the buildings or roads, it looked the same as the street scenery they were used to seeing, but Lydia and Nico were actually walking a little distance away from the human world.

If one mindfully glanced at their shadow, they would find that it wasn't human.

After arriving at the plaza where the market was held during the day, only the peddlers' shacks could be seen in the darkness, surrounded by silence.

However, lively music from the depths of an alley with a rainbow light leaking out was heard.

The Fairy Market was always bustling with a celebratory atmosphere whether it was day or night.

Lydia and Nico walked along while looking for the figure of an old lady holding a spindle.

"Hey, Lydia, isn't that them?"

In front of the stone steps of the houses were five old ladies. Their scarf-covered heads all clustered together, their hands holding spindles while concentrating on saying something.

Lydia went over to talk to them.

"Hello, grannies."

(Oh my, isn't this the Blue Knight Earl's bride?)

(Did you come to visit the Fairy Market?)

They smiled with toothless, wrinkled mouths. The five fairies' appearances were all quite similar, so it was very difficult tell them apart. Lydia called the name of the fairy that had enchanted the blue ribbon.

"Habetrot."

(What's wrong?)

A fairy answered.

"The blue item you enchanted has disappeared, could I ask you to grant the magic again?"

(Disappeared? This is troublesome.)

The five old women tilted their heads together.

(The blessing magic can't be cast again.)

"I--is that so?"

What am I going to do?

Suddenly things had gotten difficult. Lydia, though panicked, did not want to give up, so she crouched by the old lady's side.

"In that case, is there another way that can prevent the sixth fairy from interfering with the marriage ceremony?"

(My apologies, there is nothing else we can do.)

"No way....."

(If it's other magic, we can actually cast it.)

"Eh, what kind of magic?"

She couldn't help leaning forward.



(Magic that can let you have a wonderful wedding night.)

“.....No thanks.....!”

Lydia immediately shrank back.

(As long as that guy doesn't find out, it'll be fine. As long as she believes that you're wearing all the magic items we enchanted, she'd probably give up on interfering with the wedding.)

“Really? It'll be okay like this?”

At the moment Lydia leaned forward, a voice suddenly came behind her.

(Disappeared? Is it an enchanted item?)

Another old lady holding a spindle was there. It was the sixth fairy.

“H--how could that be possible! It didn't disappear!”

Lydia promptly said, but it was already too late.

(Disappeared, is that right? Ha, foolish girl!)

“My oh my, Lydia, you are truly digging your own grave.”

Nico was sitting on the stairs as he leisurely crossed his legs and spoke.

Lydia could only glare at him, who had an unconcerned attitude. The sixth granny laughed loudly with her hands on her hips.

(This way, I can thwart the Blue Knight Earl's wedding! I really look forward to it!)

She excitedly turned her back on Lydia.

“Wait!”

Lydia grabbed onto the sleeve of the bad-hearted yarn spinning fairy.

“You really want to get in the way no matter what? Just because the previous Earl didn’t invite you?”

(They were invited in order to push me aside, which is unforgivable.)

“Is inviting you now out of the question?”

(Forget about it, bride of the Blue Knight Earl, nothing can be done to invite her.)

Habetrot interjected from the side.

The sixth fairy also turned around, waving her hand while saying resentfully:

(You want to invite me? You clearly don’t even know my name! I, however, compared to those five fairies, get much more of the goddess’ favor! I see everything that the goddess witnesses. I also saw when that hateful archangel monastery and its monks disappeared. It was truly too pleasing! Blue Knight Earl’s bride, it is impossible for you to know my name!)

She spoke a lot of ambiguous words. Overall, the fairy’s name was extremely important. Lydia only understood that much.

That was indeed the case. The Earl family’s invitation list had five fairies, so at least these names of the yarn spinning fairies even Lydia could call out, which humans knew.

If a fairy's name was known, then their magic's favor could be obtained. This point was common for most fairies. So long as the name was known, these grannies wouldn't be able to do evil.

However, even if the previous Blue Knight Earl, who interacted freely with the fairy country and human world didn't know her name, it was even more unlikely that Lydia had that knowledge.

Even when the Earl family was at a loss of what to do, it was possible that they made use of the five grannies' blessings as a last resort.

The fairy shouted at Lydia to let go, hitting her hand with the spindle. Lydia kept holding her sleeve while thinking.

"But even if you want to obstruct it, it's useless. The Blue Knight Earl is quite clear about what fairies will do."

She was provoking the fairy, trying to coax out some clues.

(Hmph, even that Blue Knight also has to follow mankind's rules. I'm going to put forward an objection at the wedding, this way the wedding will immediately end.)

"What! You intend to do this kind of thing!"

When someone in the church makes an objection to a wedding in front of God, the wedding would be unable to proceed.

Lydia was stunned for a moment, and the fairy took the opportunity to instantly flee from her hands.

(Haha, I truly look forward to it.)

After the fairy finished speaking, she disappeared from sight.

\*

Edgar returned to the Earl's mansion very late that evening, and just as he entered the parlor, he saw the "Scarlet Moon's" twins waiting there with Paul nervously.

"I apologize for making everyone wait for a long time."

"No, Earl, we're sorry for coming over when you're so busy."

Perhaps because Edgar had expressed with an impatient tone previously, that the wedding took priority, the three of them looked fearful.

After Edgar sat down at the table, they sat in their respective chairs, waiting for Edgar to start talking.

"Concerning Slade's matter, I only know one thing. The person who should have inherited Owen's will was Lord Bourton. Although he was presently living in seclusion in a mansion far away, he had hired an agent."

"He's an aristocrat, right? Was it that man who forged the suicide note?"

"But, it's really difficult to believe a noble wanting to have a poor painter's

meager inheritance."

Jack and Louis continued to raise questions.

"He probably wanted a certain item from the inheritance."

"But, Owen's belongings, which were originally with Mr. Slade, have already been taken away by the police."

"Things might have been delivered to the other person earlier."

Everyone nodded, then sighed.

"Earl....."

Paul looked at him uneasily.

"There is still another thing to consider."

Everyone leaned forward, seemingly wanting to find hope in these words.

"Lord Bourton's reason for living in seclusion in the countryside was because his mansion in London's suburbs caught fire. I heard that his wife was killed and he sustained serious injuries, unable to speak to people. Could he still convey his will to his agent like this?"

"That being said, the current mastermind isn't Lord Bourton, it's quite possible that someone is behind this."

Things were probably like this.

If so, Lord Bourton's house catching on fire was likely someone's doing as well.

Edgar frowned solemnly.

Claire, who was once employed by the Bourton home, was trying to get close to him and Lydia; could this be a coincidence?

Was it really okay agreeing to let Lydia employ Claire?

Just when he and a police officer he knew well were talking about Slade,, the officer had mentioned Lord Bourton's name, and Edgar had felt very worried from that time.

If it currently wasn't late at night, he would've immediately rushed to Lydia's side.

"Earl, are you tired?"

Paul was looking at him mindfully.

Edgar looked up.

"Yeah, a little..... That is all I can report to you all.... Furthermore, Jack and Louis, could you investigate the situation of Lord Bourton's friends in London? It may be related to Owen."

"Yes."

"Paul, please confirm that Slade's mansion and this club don't have Owen's remnants left behind. According to the police officer's words, cheap goods that can't be regarded as an inheritance, weren't confiscated, so perhaps there could be some clues."

"I understand."

After the three men left, Edgar collapsed onto the sofa.

He was trying to sort out his mind slightly, which was in confusion because of

everything that was causing chaos.

What he minded the most was Lydia saying she wanted to have the wedding postponed.

He ought to have listened to her explanation. After he calmed down he regretted it. At that time, Edgar, because he heard the word 'postpone' from her mouth, his mood was greatly affected.

Lydia probably looked forward to getting married as well, but he was the only one that felt impatient.

He was unable to imagine a future without Lydia by his side, however she didn't seem as enthusiastic as he did, thus she could simply ask to postpone it. As Edgar thought this, he felt angry.

Maybe she thought getting married would cause more trouble.

Despite this, Lydia still loved him with all the feelings she could currently show. There wasn't a need to doubt this point.

The reason why said she would want a postponement must be because there was a reason that couldn't be ignored.

He should have at least listened to what she had to say.

"Lord Edgar, would you like me to bring you a drink?"

Raven entered the room as he spoke.

"Would Lydia be disappointed? Because I'm unexpectedly a narrow-minded man."

Edgar said to himself.

"I think Miss Lydia already knew that long ago."

Raven earnestly answered.

".....Is that so? In that case, then it's fine."

After that, Raven earnestly awaited Edgar's orders, but he stole a glance at the clock, which was quite unusual of him.

"This evening you can take a break."

"Can you change your clothes by yourself?"

"I'm fine doing it myself, you may withdraw. You must have planned something good to do, right?"

"No, I don't have any plans. It's just that Mr. Nico asked me if I had any free time to go to his place and play."

"Oh, is there a fairy party?"

"Yes, in the attic."

He knew Nico did this often, and knew that Nico would occasionally ask Raven to come.

"Is it fun?"

Edgar simply felt suspicious about it, so he asked.

Raven won't get drunk even if he has drinks, and wasn't the type to like noisy gatherings. Moreover, the brownies that Nico brought, or other small fairies such as goblins, he shouldn't be able to see.



"Yes."

Despite this, Raven still replied firmly, expressionless.

It seems quite fun. Edgar felt both envious and happy.

Raven, who previously only had his master in his eyes, had now regarded Nico as a friend, moreover, happily interacting with each other made Edgar feel like a father whose son has brought a friend home for the first time.

However, tonight Edgar was interested in the fairy party for another reason.

Nico seemed to still be in the mansion. He might know the reason behind Lydia's request to postpone the wedding.

"Do you think I could go with you?"

"You can, because Mr. Nico is a gentleman."

In the innermost side of the mansion, the commonly unused stairs lead to the attic. Edgar followed Raven, who was holding an oil lamp, up the creaking stairs. After opening the door at the end, Edgar couldn't help squinting because the room was particularly bright.

The moon hung in the middle of the skylight. The empty attic room sprinkled full of moonlight gave a mysterious feeling of suddenly slipping into another world.

At this thought, the scene of a fluffy gray haired cat stomping its feet to the dance reflected in his eyes.

Although the jumps were a bit unsteady, it was likely a highland style dance.

“Yo Raven, you finally came. Eh? The Earl also is with you?”

“Pardon the intrusion, Nico.”

Nico was elegantly shaking his proud tail, as he was probably dancing with the other fairies just now. Just when Nico was going to come over, it seemed that some kind of very small light left his side.

Edgar didn't have Lydia's ability to see fairies yet. Similar to Nico's situation, only when the fairy deliberately let humans see them could he catch sight of them.

“Oh, you can sit over there.”

Like Raven, Edgar also sat on a wooden box.

Nico reclined on the window sill, cheerfully swinging his tail.

(Earl, it truly is worthy of a celebration. Before the wedding, fairy parties will be held all throughout London. I haven't been this happy in centuries.)

Coblynau's voice came over. A medieval-like silver goblet was moving towards him, which was because Coblynau was holding it.

(Come, have a drink.)

“Thank you, Coblynau.”

Although he cannot see their figures, Edgar could feel the presence of the fairies' laughter when he took the cup from Coblynau.

Despite Edgar not having Lydia's ability to see fairies, perhaps he could sense the existence of the small fairies if he borrowed the moon's mysterious power,

fairy magic that became powerful at night.

That way, being surrounded by Lydia's beloved fairies made Edgar actually feel the bond with her.

As the Blue Knight Earl, he was about to receive Lydia as the Ibrazel house's concubine. There wasn't any woman fit for this identity other than her.

Because, no matter what happens to him, so long as it's Lydia, she would probably guard the Earl house with the fairies.

Although he knew he shouldn't think this, the unease of bearing Prince's memories wouldn't disappear, which suddenly climbed into his thoughts.

(Master, please don't go out tonight.)

Another voice came at that moment. A silver colored star seemingly flashed across his field of vision.

"Arrow? You're also here?"

(It seems I drank too much..... if you call me, I probably won't be able to fight.)

This was the fairy of the sword of the Blue Knight Earl family, which was passed down from generation to generation. Since Arrow was already drunk, it could also be said that the sword couldn't be useful as a weapon.

Edgar did not intend to go out at all.

"Arrow, that's troublesome. I certainly don't know when something will happen."

(If the opponent is human, your attendant could be more useful than me, right?)

Edgar frowned, and the star flashed before his eyes again.

"Raven, let's have a toast. In the end, I can only depend on you."

After he raised his goblet, Raven nervously responded.

The wine in the cup was quite high grade, perhaps the fairies had brewed it.

Although it was a party, no one except those in the attic could see it. It's just that rather than saying Edgar sensed the noise, it would be better to say that he sensed the fairies' presence.

Perhaps it was the fairies singing or chatting.

It was like the sound of rustling leaves in a forest, or like the murmur of flowing water, and felt somewhat nostalgic.

"Earl, you're probably a good person."

The already drunk Nico, who was lying on the window sill supporting his cheek with his paw, seemed to be in a very good mood.

"How rare. You unexpectedly praising others."

"I can only think of this at the current moment."

"Is it because the wedding is in three days?"

"You won't cause Lydia misfortune, right?"

"I swear to God."

"God, huh? You don't seem like a religious person."

"I believe. It's just that I believe now."

"How practical."

Nico snorted through his nose.

"But, Nico, Lydia said she wanted to postpone the wedding."

"Hmm Lydia still hasn't understood until now, to go as far as to say these kinds of prohibited words to you. If she was forcefully pulled to bed as compensation for postponing the wedding, then that would be far from good."

"Let me tell you, Nico, I am a dignified gentleman in any case, I will definitely obtain consent first."

Nico looked at him coldly.

"However, it seems that Lydia truly doesn't wish for the wedding to be obstructed."

Edgar was shocked, staring at Nico.

"Are you saying it will be obstructed?"

"Yes, the Earl family had invited five yarn spinning fairies to the wedding, but the sixth fairy that didn't receive an invitation had originally harbored a grudge, therefore she intends to get in the way of the wedding. Although the five fairies cast magic blessings on the bride's five items, the "something blue" item got lost, so there is no way to prevent the sixth fairy from creating mischief."

"Fairy? Is that so? Turns out that it was because of a fairy."

Hearing these words, Edgar truly breathed a sigh of relief.

"That is to say, she isn't discontent with me."

Perhaps there were one or two things to be dissatisfied with. Although Nico had said that, it was already insignificant.

"Nico, I feel relieved!"

He took Nico's paw and shook it with force. Nico looked disturbed, and pulled his paw back from Edgar's hand.

"Being that relieved, you simply can't handle fairy matters, huh."

"However, compared to the problem of my shortcomings, it's better. Because with things as they are now, I simply can't have them settled."

"It turned serious, didn't it?"

"So, how will the fairy obstruct the wedding?"

Although he sighed, Nico still climbed up to sit straight."

"It seems that she will raise an objection at the start of the wedding. So, Lydia is trying her best to find a way to stop that fellow."

"It's because of this, that she wanted to figure out a way before the postponement."

"As long as you know the fairy's name, they can be hindered, however no one knows its name. It seemed that even the former Blue Knight Earl didn't know, so it appears that nothing can be done."

This was quite difficult to say.

The goblet originally should have been empty, but it had been filled with wine again at some point.

As Edgar drank cup by cup, he felt strangely optimistic.

As long as Lydia looked forward to getting married, there weren't any problems.

Whether it was a fairy, Claire, or Slade, he wouldn't let anything become a hindrance.

"Hey, Nico, I'm the new Blue Knight Earl. Perhaps the previous Earl couldn't do it, but I can do it regardless of the means."

Edgar, who was starting to feel drunk, grinned. Without knowing whether or not Nico was lacking in judgement, he seemed to be leaning against Raven's body.

Raven was merely sitting, not taking part in the discussion nor drinking.

*He finds it fun in this way?*

Edgar looked at the silent teenager in doubt, but he suddenly found the teenager's hair and shoulders had a faint light about them, so he laughed gently.

He seemed to be surprisingly loved by the fairies.

"That's right, Nico, regarding Claire's matter."

Although he still wanted to ask another question, Nico, who was leaning on Raven, had suddenly fallen into the land of dreams, probably already drunk.

\*

The next day, Edgar went to the Carlton house, but Lydia had just gone out.

"Do you know where she went?"

He hastily asked Professor Carlton, who was home.

Lord Bourton's name appeared in yesterday's matters regarding Slade's affairs. Prior to not yet clarifying Claire's goal, Lydia going out by herself made him anxious.

"Excuse me, has something happened?"

He seemed to have made the professor worried. Edgar readjusted his frame of mind, revealing his usual smile.

"Nothing, it's just that yesterday she and I had a small dispute, so I just wanted to make up with her quickly."

"Ah..... I'm sorry, that girl is so stubborn."

"Professor, you don't need to worry, because I was the one who fell in love with her first."

The professor smiled, and said that Lydia had gone to the outskirts.



“Did you know that there are the ruins of a monastery on Kensington’s west side? She said that she wanted to take a look and went out. Maybe she asked the fairies if they knew whether the scenery there is good.”

After Edgar expressed his thanks, he put on his hat, when Professor Carlton suddenly called out to him.

“Earl, you don’t need to consider postponing the wedding. I’ve already spoken to Lydia.”

“Lydia discussed this matter with you?”

“Yes.”

“Did you hear her mention the reason?”

“Yes, although I don’t really understand fairy matters..... even so, for Lydia to ask for a postponement is still wrong.”

This seemed to be the case in the world’s eyes. The bridegroom’s side clearly wasn’t at fault, yet the bride’s side requesting a postponement, could turn into a problem. On top of that, no one would believe that the reason for the postponement would be due to fairies, so ordinary people would casually surmise that Lydia herself had a problem, or think that she was an unruly girl.

Even if the subsequently held wedding went smoothly, this matter could become a flaw for Lydia in society.

Therefore, the professor clearly expressed that the Carlton family has no intention of postponing the wedding as a way of protecting Lydia.

“She’s just had to discuss something with her fiancé, it wasn’t anything

serious at all."

Although Edgar said this, the professor continued speaking with a solemn face.

"Perhaps I was too indulgent with Lydia's education, but please, Earl, don't take it to heart. She isn't the kind of girl who will arbitrarily say things to damage your reputation."

Despite the professor sternly warning Lydia, he also expressed his wishes for Edgar to compromise.

If the wedding is postponed due to the Earl's family proposing a decent reason, the aristocracy's disdain towards this matter ought to lessen.

Ahh, as expected, this person is the same.

Edgar thought about this kind of person who was about to become his family and felt proud, at the same time, he earnestly nodded his head.

"In order to come to an agreement, I will have a proper talk with her."

Edgar left the Carlton home, and after expressing that he was headed towards Kensington, he got into a carriage with Raven.

The carriage immediately departed, and he was thinking about Claire's matter.

Before Lord Bourton's wife died, Claire was working in the mansion. At the

time of the fire, she happened to be on holiday; the timing was too coincidental.

Perhaps Claire wasn't a girl who purely had an unrequited love for Edgar.

The carriage headed towards the outskirts. After passing the road surrounding the park, the street's atmosphere totally changed. This was a high-class residential area, and luxurious mansions frequently entered into view.

Edgar also knew that going forward, there would be ruins of an ancient monastery. That said, he had also heard that the landowners did not conserve the remnants, and abandoned it.

Recently, people who advocated for the historical value of such remains were starting to increase, but for most people, the monastery that was destroyed centuries ago was like scrap metal. If you wanted to build a house, not only would the remains of the structure be a hindrance, even the site was merely a worthless piece of land as well.

Why would Lydia be interested in this kind of place? Was this landscape beautiful enough that a fairy would invite her here?

Edgar felt that even if he looked at the rubble, nothing interesting would appear.

"Lord Edgar, please look ahead."

Raven sat at the coachman's side, looking through the small window behind him while speaking.

"Would you like to stop the carriage?"

Edgar confirmed that a person stood before them was outside.

He stared straight at them, then leisurely took off his hat. Shoulder length light blonde hair fluttered in the wind.

*Ulysses.*

After Edgar noticed his identity, he ordered the coachman to stop the carriage.

Although the carriage had already sped past Ulysses, it stopped in the middle of the road not long after.

This young man, who could be called a teenager in terms of age, came over to the side. He looked up at Edgar in the window, and then politely put his hand on his chest.

“Your Majesty, I haven’t paid my respects for some time.....”

“Is that woman your subordinate?”

Edgar deliberately started talking to interrupt Ulysses’ greeting. His appearance at this time only made Edgar feel that he had some connections with the matters.

Because of this, Edgar stopped the carriage to see the face of the man that made him so unhappy.

“Which woman are you talking about?”

He was clearly playing dumb.

Ulysses was “Prince’s” confidant, who he had long been battling. Now,

Prince's organization should essentially be lead by Ulysses.

He wished for Edgar to awaken as "Prince," so he would often come to provoke Edgar.

"If you don't know, then I have nothing to say to you."

Edgar intentionally turned back to the road, indifferent.

"If you mean Claire Florey, then I must explain to you, she and I are unrelated."

Ulysses seemed to not wish for them to drive off right away, so he answered quickly.

"You know something?"

Since he said the name of the woman that Edgar was concerned about, it showed how much of a grasp Ulysses had on the news. Furthermore, he had disclosed information slightly, meaning that it he didn't want to expose what he had.

"There are many implications concerning that woman and them, it's quite regretful that it still isn't understood until now."

"Them?"

"Speaking of that, do you want to chat with me about the Lord Bourton?"

Edgar recalled that Ulysses wouldn't tell him important things for free.

However, concerning that man and “their” plans, he really wanted to investigate deeper.

“Raven, let him in the carriage.”

Raven got down from the coachman’s seat and opened the carriage’s door. After that, as if taking caution against Ulysses, he immediately entered the carriage, taking the seat by the door.

As the carriage started traveling once again, Ulysses deliberately exposed a smile.

“That’s right, it seems you are about to get married, I truly congratulate you.”

“You needn’t, a blessing from you is bad luck.”

“In our view, we really don’t think that Miss Carlton is fit to become the future princess.”

Ulysses and their organization believe that “Prince” is the heir to the throne of England. They were previously exiled from England, and the Stuart family, who had suffered defeat when attempting to reclaim the throne, produced the Prince of Calamity from the royal bloodline, trying to seize the throne through dark magic.

They also planned for Edgar, who would one day become “Prince’s” heir, to be pushed to that height.

But to Edgar, Prince, Ulysses, and their organization were enemies that murdered his family. Not only that, they also kidnapped and imprisoned Edgar,

even completely depriving him of his name and status.

In order to transform Edgar into a vessel that stored the Prince's memories, they planned to destroy Edgar's original personality.

Because of this, Edgar strengthened his determination to carry Prince's memories to the grave and not let anyone touch those memories. This is Edgar's, that is, the Blue Knight Earl's duty, as well as his revenge on those detestable fellows.

"I don't want to play the king's game with them."

"If you want a new princess someday, we will do everything we can to help you get rid of her."

"It looks like you want to make me angry."

Edgar steadily moved his cane to Ulysses' neck while glaring at him.

"Insulting Lydia should be left for when you want to die."

"If you meant that, you had the opportunity to kill me earlier. However, I'm still alive."

"I just feel I shouldn't kill you."

"Isn't it because you think you'll need me one day?"

Edgar laughed. He relaxed the hand gripping the cane, and leaned against the back of the seat.

Ulysses probably hadn't imagined that the tense atmosphere would suddenly calm down. He seemed to have lost his usual eloquence, and was silently looking at Edgar.

"Although I really hate you, I'm doing my utmost to try not to kill you. Because I feel that you're also a pathetic victim of Prince's subordinates."

Although Ulysses frowned, his calm attitude didn't collapse.

"This is Lord Bourton's mansion."

He faintly noted. Outside the window was a mansion covered in black charcoal.

*Right, it was nearby.*

That mansion that Edgar had visited quite a few times in the past, now showed a tragic appearance with withered plants and trees in the courtyard.

Although that fire wasn't severe enough to burn down the house, the lord's wife was still killed.

Ever since the fire occurred, Edgar had passed by this place once, but he pretended he couldn't see it. Ulysses seemed to be aware of this matter, and he couldn't help secretly glancing at Ulysses.

He had once witnessed his own house burn down before.

Though his awareness at that time was very fuzzy, and he didn't really remember where he had seen it, that scene of an elegant manor house covered in flames was deeply branded in his eyes.



In a situation where he just didn't know what had occurred, Edgar's intuition knew that he wouldn't be able to see his family and relatives anymore, as well as all the people who he had been close with there.

This was a memory that he didn't wish to remember. So, he could only subconsciously avoid looking at Lord Bourton's symbol of misfortune.

"Was it you guys who did it?"

Edgar raised an inquiry, concealing his anger.

"No. However, fire can burn everything, so it's an ideal method."

"At the very least, this wasn't an accident, right?"

Ulysses laughed softly.

"Whether it's a house, a person, or inevitable daily life, everything one owns will be instantly reduced to scattered ashes, unable to be taken back again. Your Majesty, how do you feel about this?"

Ulysses seemed to want to provoke him. Edgar tried to keep his calm.

"Who would do this kind of thing to the Bourton family and for what reason?"

"I'm afraid that this was punishment."

".....What did you say?"

"If someone revealed their existence to outsiders, the betrayer will be consumed by hell's flames..... this is the rule of that religious order."

“Religious order? Are you saying that the lord had once joined this strange religious organization?”

“If one wasn’t a member, then knowing some secrets would be a complicated matter.”

If someone informed others of the religious order’s existence, then that would be violating a taboo. Those that violated the taboo would be killed. For the most part, it was like this for these sorts of matters.”

“Is that the case for Claire Florey as well?”

“It’s possible.”

Even if this wasn’t so, she had once stayed in the Bourton’s house before, so perhaps she knew something.

“The households that she worked for were people who appeared to die in strange conditions, just like the messenger of death. And she now intends to hide in your mansion.”

“So, why are you telling me this?”

“Of course it’s because you’re our Prince. Their organization has been a bit too intemperate recently. It was clearly an underground organization, yet they didn’t even take note to act cautiously. Moreover, we don’t wish for them to raise their hand against you. Whether it’s the achievements that you accumulate, as well as the fruits of the future that you are about to obtain, we have the ability to protect everything. Even if you wanted to strike first before they set a fire, it can be done as well.”

*I can’t believe everything Ulysses says.* Edgar was wary about this.

It was merely another dark organization’s actions which were slightly

disclosed, so Ulysses couldn't possibly think Edgar that would cooperate with him.

At most, Ulysses could only provide Edgar information and plan to make use of him. Furthermore, he understood that organization's situation, so perhaps it meant that they weren't definite hostile enemies with each other.

"You're mistaken, I am the Blue Knight Earl, and my duty is to defeat your organization."

He had long been mentally prepared, he had to fight, even if he was the only one left. Now, it wasn't possible to be slightly hesitant.

No, he wasn't alone, he still had Raven..... moreover, there was Paul and "Scarlet Moon's" Jack and Louis as well. At least, they now trusted in Edgar for Slade.

"I see, then please help yourself. As for your beloved maiden, please keep an eye out for the fire's source."

Ulysses deliberately incited Edgar's unease, then called out to the coachman to stop the carriage.

"That's right, Claire Florey often appears in front of the monastery."

Leaving only this statement, Ulysses disappeared outside of the carriage.

## Chapter 4: In sickness and in health

*Father*, he actually said that.

“You should not have said that you wanted to postpone the wedding ceremony. Go and apologize to the Earl.”

As one would expect, Lydia felt depressed.

But Lydia came to a realization after being admonished by her father.

Even though this was a wedding which she was not forced into and had decided upon together with Edgar, there were many matters which cannot simply be resolved between just the two of them. In particular, because Edgar was an aristocrat while Lydia wasn't, things had to proceed with prudence.

It can't be helped that Edgar was infuriated.

Edgar had tried to avoid getting into a direct confrontation, so no matter how one thought about it, Lydia was the one at fault.

As she recalled what had happened, Lydia sighed in the carriage.

But if a postponement was out of the question, then Lydia must find some way to fend off the fairy's obstruction.

Lydia, who had that in mind, headed towards the monastery ruins in the suburbs in order to find the dwelling of the sixth fairy.

The fairy had said that.

“

*What the Goddess sees can all be seen. The disappearance of the hateful archangel's monastery was also witnessed*  
*."*

The monasteries which used to exist in England were entirely dissolved by Henry VIII in the sixteenth century when he established the Church of England. The Catholics were then banished. What the old lady had seen should have been from those times.

Although there were many monastery ruins, in any case, Lydia headed out towards the suburbs with the word 'archangel' as the clue.

Alighting from the carriage and heading into the forest along the narrow path as the driver had told her, Lydia's field of vision suddenly widened.

The crumbling stone building exposed its corpse-like appearance through the gaps in the greenery.

As she proceeded deeper where it was deserted, Lydia felt more unnerved than lonely, and started to regret coming by herself.

Under the slightly cloudy skies and being surrounded by the ruins of buildings, it even felt as though she had lost her way into the Middle Ages.

As she looked at the pillars and arches which were barely standing, she could make out the words of "St Gabriel's Monastery".

The Archangel's Monastery. This was probably where the sixth fairy had

referred to.

Lydia proceeded further in.

Based on Lydia's knowledge, there was only one way to know the names of the spinstress fairies.

That was, to peek into the fairy's dwelling. If one were to observe quietly, there were times when fairies would mention their own names as they talk to themselves.

Although this was a dodgy saying that depended very much on whether the fairy happened to be talking to itself at the same time as one was peeking, Lydia could not think of any other way.

In any case, the only clue that Lydia had about the fairy's dwelling were the words concerning the goddess which the fairy had unwittingly mentioned.

"But I wonder if there will be a statue of a goddess in a monastery."

From what the fairy had said about a goddess, it was probably referring to one of the ancient gods. But there was no way that a Catholic monastery would worship the statue of a goddess.

*No, we can't be entirely certain of that.*

At that moment, Lydia found a stone statue about the height of a child, standing by itself in the shadows of the stone wall.

One could barely make out the facial features on that statue which appears to be older than the rest of the monastery ruins. Looking at the form of its body,

there was no mistake that this was a statue of a woman.

Could it be Virgin Mary? The statue was holding a cross in its right hand.

But Lydia was focused on the statue's other hand.

"This... isn't this a spindle?"

Since the past, spindles had been small items used by goddesses.

Come to think of it, Lydia had heard of Virgin Mary being associated with the ancient goddess as one and the same when Christianity first came to this island country. If that were the case, then this statue would not be a statue of Virgin Mary, but it could be a statue of a goddess from more ancient times.

This could be the original appearance of the spinstress fairies' ancestors, or of the fairies themselves.

If that's the case, then the fairy's dwelling would be nearby.

But, even if Lydia knew that it was nearby, where and how should she go about searching?

As Lydia fell into deep thought, she heard the sound of footsteps on grass. As she felt taken aback and turned around, she saw that the other party also looked at her in shock.

"...Claire?"

"Ah..., Miss Lydia..."

Although Claire looked troubled at this unexpected encounter, at the same time, with frightful eyes, she was also wary of what was behind her.

“Is someone there?”

“Erm ... I am being followed by strangers.”

Hearing that, Lydia also became uneasy immediately. If something happened at such a deserted place, they would not be able to call for help.

“Let’s go together.”

Lydia thought that they should leave this place and head towards the street quickly.

“Erm, but...”

Urging Claire who was hesitating, Lydia started to walk briskly.

She had indeed felt that there was someone watching. As she turned around without stopping, she felt the presence of a person in the shadows of the trees. That person was probably observing them while staying hidden.

Lydia felt the footsteps closing up behind them as the sound of the footsteps were mingled with their own. As Lydia walked quickly, the footsteps also quickened.

When she glanced at Claire, she saw that her expression was frozen, and when their eyes met, Claire averted her eyes uneasily.

“Hey, is there a reason why you are being followed?”

She only shook her head to the sides even as she turned pale. She hastened her footsteps so much that she might have left Lydia behind.



When they went through the ivy arch hurriedly, a human figure appeared in front of them and Lydia nearly let out a scream in shock.

“Lydia!”

At the same time as her name was called, she was suddenly embraced.

“Eh... Edgar...?”

As she looked up, his ash mauve eyes peered into hers. As if he were desperate, he furrowed his brows slightly.

“Lydia, that’s great... I rushed over to come after you after finding out where you were headed from the Professor.”

The footsteps and presence of someone she felt behind her had disappeared. Lydia took a breath in relief.

“I was shocked...”

“Me too. Because you came rushing out suddenly.”

Edgar held Lydia in a stronger embrace and rested his cheeks against her hair.

Lydia was still perplexed at being treated like this when they were not alone together.

“Erm... Edgar, I happened to run into Claire here.”

That’s why Lydia, who escaped from his arms, ended up saying that because she wanted him to realize that Claire was present as well.

Claire greeted him with a curtsy, and Edgar suddenly turned to face her with a smile.

“Miss Florey, are you by yourself at such a place? What were you doing?”

Hearing that, Lydia also started to find it mysterious.

“...Erm... that.”

“Edgar, it seems like she was being followed by someone suspicious, though I think that the person is already gone.”

“Hmmm, is that so? Do you have issues that cause you to be followed?”

“Earl...”

“There is no need to force yourself to speak, Miss Florey. But if you are a person who would come to such a place alone and have issues that cause yourself to be followed, I can’t help but be worried if you were to become Lydia’s lady attendant.”

Claire may have been about to give an explanation. But Lydia felt that Edgar had deliberately interrupted Claire even though he was speaking smilingly.

“Edgar, about that.”

“I heard that Lydia wanted to employ you for a trial period. What do you intend to do?”

To think that Edgar was asking for a reply here and now. Although Lydia thought that, before she could voice out, Claire replied.

“... I was thinking, that I would withdraw. I appreciate Miss Lydia’s

considerations.”

Being overtly treated as a nuisance by Edgar, there was no way Claire would be able to say that she wanted to work.

No, either way, Lydia thought that Claire would still have turned down the offer. With regards to Lydia, Claire appeared to find it difficult to work hard and get along with Lydia.

Earlier, even though she was afraid because she was being followed, she did not appear relieved when she met Lydia. Although it could just be that Claire felt that with only girls, it did not matter whether there was one or two of them as there would be no change to the danger they face, Lydia felt that it was inevitable that Claire would turn her down.

Even for Lydia herself, rather than saying that she needed Claire, she was thinking about the ribbon.

“Is that so? Well, we’ll leave the matter at that. I’ll have my valet escort you.”

After saying that, Edgar prompted Raven by looking towards him and left the area while pulling Lydia’s arm.

Lydia was being dragged off rather forcefully. Edgar appeared to be visibly displeased.

That’s to be expected. Be it about Claire or her suggestion to postpone the wedding ceremony, recently Lydia had only been going against Edgar.

Edgar, who had been walking on in silence, suddenly stopped and turned to face Lydia.

“I’m sorry, but it just can’t be Claire. ...As for the reason, I still can’t say anything for now.”

When Lydia furrowed her brows out of surprise at these unexpected words, Edgar anxiously added on.

“I get it, how about this? In exchange, I’ll listen to anything you say. Ahh but I can’t postpone the wedding. If it’s anything else...”

“You’re not... angry?”

When Lydia asked that, he tilted his head in surprise.

“You were very angry yesterday right?”

Then, seeing as how he was suppressing his feelings, he should have been quite infuriated. Lydia realized that after being scolded by her father.

“Was my attitude yesterday that horrible?”

“It was different from usual.”

“Is that so?”

“...You didn’t ... when you left...”

“Huh? What?”

Being unable to say “kiss me”, Lydia panicked.

*I can’t believe myself, what on earth was I about to say?*

“Erm, that, yesterday, I only thought about myself. Even though there was no

way we could postpone the wedding. That's why... if there is anything you want to say you can go ahead and say it. If you dote on and give in to me like Father does, I'll end up being a willful wife."

Although she had said that in order to erase what she had said earlier, because she still ended up saying things that sounded like she was acting spoilt, Lydia even felt like she wanted to run away.

At times like this, Edgar would look down upon Lydia with a happy face.

"With you apologizing to me in such an adorable manner, rather than getting angry I feel more like pushing you over."

There's no one in the ruins of the monastery.

Because she did not know the extent to which Edgar was joking, Lydia nervously tried to walk away.

But Edgar placed his arms around her waist so as not to let her do so.

"Don't think that I will dote on and give in to you more than the Professor does. I'm much more narrow-minded than the Professor."

And then suddenly, Edgar adopted a serious tone.

"I'm also the one who is acting spoilt towards you. I heard from Nico subsequently, that a fairy is trying to wreck the wedding and you were troubling over that. Yet, I just objected to it without hearing your side of the story properly."

As he peered into her eyes and smiled in a gentle brilliant manner, Lydia

wondered when he came to be able to have such an expression.

Lydia thought that he may have smiled like this during the times when he was the Duke's son, being brought up in a carefree manner, without having gone through any hardships or known any of the darkness that lurked in this world.

And she felt that it was sweet that he had shown this innocent side of his to her.

"I won't postpone the wedding, even if it's because of fairies. Lydia, if you want to make our wedding wonderful then all the more so, I can't wait any longer than this."

Lydia blushed and looked downwards.

To begin with, weddings are a major event for brides. Even though Lydia had not once said that she wanted to get married quickly, it was only natural that she was looking forward to it.

Lydia felt embarrassed that her feelings were seen through.

"But, if the ceremony gets disrupted, you'll be troubled too won't you?"

"I heard that because you lost 'something blue', we aren't able to prevent the fairy's obstruction?"

"Yes, it seems like the magical blessings can't be cast a second time. If the fairy raised its objection during the ceremony, there is nothing we can do about it."

*I see*

, Edgar muttered, but he soon flashed an optimistic smile.

“Don’t worry. I’ll have the ceremony go through no matter what it takes.”

*Ahh, that’s Edgar.*

Even if he was going against a fairy with unknown powers, he will not back down. Even though it seemed like his self-confidence was dangerously baseless, in the end, he was always able to make everything go his way.

That’s why if Edgar said that, Lydia felt vaguely that things will somehow turn out alright.

Moving his face close towards hers, Edgar whispered.

“Let’s go and buy “something blue”.”

“A “something blue” that does not have the magical blessings will not be useful.”

“That’s not true. After all, to begin with, the charm of wearing the five items has been believed to work regardless of whether magic has been cast on them isn’t it?”

“That’s true...”

Edgar was looking at Lydia at a distance that was too close to hold a conversation. Because it felt as though their bodies were about to press against each other, Lydia tried to push against his chest somewhat, but with his arms wrapped around her back, there wasn’t much change in the distance.

““Blue” represents a sincere love. Even if there’s no magic, there are sincere feelings between the two of us aren’t there?”

There wasn’t a person who was further away from the word ‘sincerity’ than him. But now, Lydia believes in his feelings.

“It will definitely be a wonderful day.”

“Yes... It will.”

Lifting her face up a little, Lydia smiled.

“You’re finally smiling.”

Edgar narrowed his eyes while gently moving aside her hair by her ear.

“Do you still find it troublesome even now?”

“Huh?”

“Because I tend to touch you excessively.”

“...I never thought for once... that it was troublesome.”

*I only felt that it was always a little embarrassing.*

As she thought about that, Lydia remembered and voiced out an “ah”.

“You mean what happened that time...? Th-that’s not it. I was thinking about something else at that time. Because fairies keep bringing about trouble...”

“What. So it wasn’t about me.”

He made a happy face like a child. Handsome, aristocratic and causing Lydia to blush unknowingly, Lydia never thought the day would come when she thought that Edgar’s smiling face was adorable.



He kissed Lydia's forehead while still carrying a smile on his face.

"If that's the case, then I don't have to show restraint right?"

"Eh, but if we are outside, then some restraint is..."

"That's great. I was just thinking that it was impossible not to kiss you even once when we are together."

Not listening to anything that Lydia was saying, his kisses continued on to the eyelids and cheeks.

*Well, I guess it's fine...*

*From now on, this person will always be by my side.*

As Lydia felt that strongly, her feelings also became calm.

She felt happy at being able to walk side by side with Edgar like this.

As she thought that she no longer had to give up on Edgar, Lydia finally felt that she had broken out from those painful days at the Highlands.

Even after she returned to London and had the wedding just on the horizon, because Lydia wasn't able to believe the reality of it, when it came that the fairy would obstruct the wedding, there was nothing she could do but be flustered and this troubled Edgar.

But, things were definitely going to be alright now.

At some point in time both of them had exited the area where the monastery ruins were, and were walking along a tree-lined path.

Lydia naturally rested her hand on Edgar's arm.

As Edgar said that he wanted to continue walking for a little longer, they continued onto the path where the residential estates were spread out.

As a result of the increase in the number of mansions from the affluent class, the high end residential district in the suburbs had become a beautiful town. Unlike central London, it seems that the fact that it was possible to have spacious gardens made suburbs popular.

Because Edgar paused in his tracks unexpectedly, Lydia stopped as well and she saw that there were lovely purple flowers blooming at the hedges by the side of the path.

"There're heliotropes. I thought I smelt a fragrance from just now."

"Ahh, that's right."

As he said that, Edgar was looking beyond the flowering hedges, behind where the tree branches overlapped.

Because the building was further in, Lydia could only see a black shadow vaguely.

Not realizing that it was a house that met with a fire, Lydia returned her gaze towards Edgar.

“It’s mysterious. I had thought that what’s lost cannot be recovered.”

And then he muttered as if he had something on his mind.

“Everything had turned into ashes. Even my name. But now, the name Earl Ashenbert has revived me.”

Looking at Lydia, Edgar narrowed his eyes painfully.

“I had lost the name of the Duke of Sylvainford, but because I met you, I was able to regain myself. Having been tortured under Prince and placed in the dirty world, although I had become someone who is unfit to call himself the son of the Duke, I am now able to feel happiness every day, just like I had in the past.”

At some point in time, Lydia’s hands were being held by him.

“There is no longer anything to fear. The flames and the conspiracies from that time were unable to rob me of everything so it will be the same from now on.”

They will no longer have to let go of each other’s hands anymore.

“Lydia, I will protect you with everything I have. So, I hope that you will protect the noblesse oblige that I have been given once more together with me.”

For the sake of the new Earl family. Lydia nodded as she felt with certainty that she was needed.

~\*~\*~\*~

As the large doors opened before her, the music of the pipe organs resonated in Lydia's ears as they flowed towards her.

Finding Edgar's figure at the end of the wedding aisle which was laid over with white cloth, Lydia felt her heartbeat soar.

The scenery that Lydia was seeing through her mother's wedding veil, was enveloped by a gentle light, and felt somewhat dreamlike.

Shining through the stained glass, rainbow-coloured light fell onto the altar. Lydia felt as though her mother was watching her right by her side.

The dress which her father had splurged on to prepare, was comfortable to wear and light; the reserved ornaments brought out the delicate lace such that anyone who saw it would see Lydia as befitting the bride of the Earl family.

The bouquet was made of lilies and olives. The pearls dangling from her ears were also arranged with flowers, and when Lydia looked at herself in the mirror at home, she felt that she was able to like her dull reddish brown coloured hair and her witch-like golden green eyes.

And with that, Lydia rested her hand on her father's arm and moved along the aisle one step at a time while being led by an adorable bridesmaid.

Lydia saw Lota and Paul's smiling faces. Nico was also present. The Duke and Duchess of Masefield, as well as the noble ladies who took care of Lydia as she prepared for the wedding were all present, and they filled the seats for the bride's side with brilliance.

At the same time as she felt happy, Lydia also pulled herself together and checked the corner of the benches.

There were five grannies who sat side by side with each other.

They were the spinstress fairies, who probably couldn't be seen by human eyes.

There was also another one who sat a little apart from them. The problematic sixth fairy.

Fairies would usually not enter churches, but those five grannies who were formally invited were probably special. But for the sixth fairy, the church should be an unpleasant place. Yet perhaps it was her fixated hatred towards the Earl family that made the sixth fairy take her seat on the bench.

*I wonder how Edgar intends to make the fairy keep quiet.*

Early this morning, on the message card delivered from the Earl household, was a handwritten message from Edgar saying that there was nothing to worry about.

Because they were unable to meet each other before the ceremony on the wedding day, Lydia remained clueless as to the details. Even so, Lydia was able

to tell herself that things will turn out fine.

Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue, a sixpence in your shoe.

Lydia had all the good luck charms that were needed in order to become a happy bride.

The blue ribbon which was tied directly to her wrist inside her gloves, may not have the magical blessings from the fairies, but Edgar had cast magic on it.

Because sincere feelings truly exist between the both of them ...

When her father stopped around the middle of the wedding aisle, Lydia stopped as well. As she lifted her gaze, she saw Edgar standing right in front of her.

Looking at her, he smiled.

Even though it was through the veil, Edgar, whom she gazed upon at a close distance, was simply too dazzling.

Donning a pure white morning coat, with a light violet coloured ascot tie that matched the colour of his eyes, Edgar also had buttonholes of the same flowers as those in Lydia's bouquet.

Edgar's white attire and flowers matched his brilliant blonde hair so well that he was too dazzling. The sighs that could be overheard had come from the attendees who were looking at Edgar.

*As I thought, no matter what kind of dress I wear, Edgar is the one who stands out more.*

Even as she thought that, he was the only one who looked at Lydia and let out a sigh.

“Ahh, you’re so beautiful.”

No matter how others saw her, if Edgar said so, Lydia was able to be confident with herself.

And so, Lydia, who was the daughter of the Carlton family, will become part of the Ashenbert family from now on.

Her hand which had rested on her father’s arm, was now rested on Edgar’s arm. Lydia started to walk onwards once more.

With Edgar by her side, her nervousness until then had subsided, but when she stood in front of the priest, Lydia suddenly got worried.

*What should I do if the fairy speaks out and makes a mess out of the wedding? I wonder if everything will really be alright.*

While she was thinking about that, the wedding ceremony began.

After talking about matrimony, the priest looked out over the attendees.

*Here. This is where the problem is.*

*The priest will probably say it. The line “if anyone objects to the union of these two people, speak now or forever hold your peace.”*

*If the fairy speaks out there, the ceremony will be suspended.*

*Edgar, how do you intend to stop the fairy?*

Lydia waited as she stiffened her entire body.

But the priest did not speak those problematic words.

Instead, what entered Lydia’s ears were the songs of hymns.

In the midst of the sounds of the pipe organ resonating with the chorus, Lydia looked at Edgar, surprised.

When Edgar noticed her, he winked at her lightly.

*Is this, Edgar’s strategy?*

Before long the songs ended and even as the recitation of the Bible began, the priest did not appear to return to the sequence he skipped.

The fairy kept silent.

*Edgar had probably asked the priest to remove the step of asking for objections. I wonder if the fairy will realize and fly into a rage.*

As Lydia troubled over it, the ceremony continued to progress smoothly.

The attendees’ seats remained silent. It did not feel like the fairy was about to do anything awful.



*Is that so? Did the fairy not realize? Is the fairy just going to continue to wait for the priest to speak those words?*

As she thought about it calmly, Lydia felt that there was a good chance of that happening.

Fairies are generally inflexible beings. They will follow established routines stubbornly.

To that sixth spinstress fairy, if her disrupting the Earl family's wedding and being unable to get in the way because of the magical protection from the five fairies were all established routines, then similarly, it was also an established routine for her to follow the priest's words and raise her objection during the wedding.

This was a blind spot for Lydia.

Because she was preoccupied by the fact that that was a fairy which uses magic, she could only think of countering it with magic.

To begin with, Lydia can't even think of something as sacrilegious as changing the procedures of a sacred ceremony.

Lydia did not expect that a priest, being a servant of God, would agree to skip an important portion of a ceremony.

"...in sickness and in health..."

But it was Edgar who made the priest do that.

*I wonder if he threatened the priest. Or did he bribe the priest?*

“...to love her and to honour her ...”

As she listened to the priest's words which passed by quickly, Lydia was seriously troubled over whether she should be happy or be shocked.

But she had been protected so far by such an Edgar. It's because Edgar was such a person, that he was able to bring Lydia back from the Hebrides.

Even from now onwards, no matter what Edgar did, no matter what choices he made, as long as he was doing it in order to protect what was important to him as the Blue Knight Earl, then it was Lydia's role to accept him.

“...Do you promise?”

The ceremony had already moved towards the exchange of vows.

“Yes, I do.”

Edgar answered as he reflected upon the meaning deeply, looked at Lydia and smiled.

“The bride, Lydia Carlton.”

As she felt nervous suddenly again, Lydia lifted her face.

“Do you take this man to be your husband, to live together with him in the covenant of marriage? Do you promise to be faithful to him in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health, to love him and to honor him until death do you part?”

“... Yes, I do.”

*It's alright already. The fairy wasn't able to wreak havoc.*

Relieved, and as the words of her vows seeped into her chest anew, Lydia's eyes began to water.

Edgar's hand touched her cheeks as he wiped her tears away.

Before she realized it, her veil had been lifted and she was looking at his face at a close distance without any obstructions.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit..."

The kiss was surprisingly prudent.  
It touched and separated gently.

"Those whom God has joined together, let no one put asunder. ... Amen."

*We will no longer be separated by anyone unwillingly anymore.*

As she thought that, Lydia was overwhelmed by happiness and her tears spilled out uncontrollably.

~\*~\*~\*~

As it had been a hectic day, with the wedding ceremony and the banquet, by the time Lydia was able to catch a breath, it was after the luncheon had ended.

The banquet was held at Edgar's mansion.

When she arrived at the mansion from the church, the sight of the mansion being decorated with olives and lilies from the main entrance to the dining

room, the hall and the reception room, were so different from how the mansion usually looked or from when a gorgeous evening party was held, such that its brilliant atmosphere surprised Lydia.

While it was definitely not a pompous banquet, the elegant style of the cuisine, the wine and the entertainment had pleased the guests.

It was Edgar who decided to use the dinnerware set which Lydia's father had prepared as part of her trousseau while barely keeping it within budget. It had been purchased with the intention of it being meant for everyday use, so it was rather plain; but because of the balance it struck with the table setting and the cuisine, it came across as being more appropriate for today's banquet than anything else.

Lydia was thankful towards the consideration Edgar showed, by displaying her trousseau without making anyone conscious of the difference in their birth.

That being said, Lydia was still unable to fully remember Edgar's friends, who took up the majority of the guests. Because she could not only speak with people who knew her disposition, she couldn't help but attend to them.

As the guests started to engage in ever livelier conversations and dance in the hall, Lydia could finally take a short breather, and it was to her Fairy Doctor office which she retreated to.

Apart from the wide desk which was comfortable to use, this brightly lit room had been decorated to suit feminine tastes and Lydia thought that she quite liked it.

With the wide windows letting in a generous amount of light, Lydia enjoyed having tea during break times while sitting on the sofa beside a somewhat small table.

Here, when she first started to deal with fairy-related problems as a Fairy Doctor, she did not imagine that she would end up marrying Edgar.

The courtyard which she could see outside, was a view she had been looking at every day. But today, with flowers blooming on every kind of tree, it became a scenery which she was looking at for the first time.

Broom flowers and apple blossoms, roses and olives, daisies and tulips, all coloured the flower bed and were overflowing with the fairies' magical blessings.

Even this office was decorated with plenty of such flowers.

Lydia, who was engrossed in her thoughts, came back to her senses at the sound of a knock. The one who opened the door was Lota.

"As I thought, you're here."

"Lota! And Mr Paul."

"Do you mind if we come in?"

"No, of course not."

As the two of them entered together, Raven followed them in from behind while carrying a tea set.

"Lydia, you probably hadn't eaten much right? I thought so and got Raven to bring something light for you."

Raven placed sandwiches and quiches which were cut into small pieces on the table. With a practiced hand, he poured tea out as well.

“Wow, thanks. Now that you mention it, I am feeling hungry.”

When she was at the luncheon, Lydia’s heart was still filled with the feelings lingering from the ceremony. And since many people had spoken to her as well, it was also true that she didn’t have the opportunity to eat.

“Lady Lydia, it was a wonderful wedding. I was very touched.”

“That’s right, Paul got all teary.”

Paul, who had felt as happy as though it were his own wedding, had probably witnessed all the hardships which Edgar had gone through.

Lydia had heard from Edgar all the unbelievable things he did together with Paul in order to bring Lydia back from the Highlands.

“Thank you very much, Mr Paul. ... And you too, Lota.”

“I’m satisfied so long as you’re happy Lydia.”

As expected, Lota, whose dimple showed as she grinned, had dressed up to look more like a lady than she usually did for today. Instead of using a rope to tie her hair she had used a ribbon; Paul also looked dashing as he was dressed in formal attire.

“But, it’s surprising that I wasn’t able to talk to Edgar much during the

wedding ceremony. I still haven't spoken to him properly today at all."

"Hehh, so that's how it is. Then, shall I go and tell him that you are feeling lonely? He'd fly right over."

Because Edgar would really fly right over, Lydia panicked.

"Eh, it's fine. He's probably talking to the guests."

"True, it's still too early to put him in the mood. He'll probably just shelve the reception."

As Lota laughed teasingly, Paul might have been more flustered than Lydia was at Lota's frank manner of speaking.

"Oh Lota, this sandwich is delicious."

And Paul said so in a bid to divert her attention.

"Lord Edgar is engaged in a conversation with Professor Carlton."

Raven gently informed them.

"Oh dear, I wonder what they could be talking about."

"Well isn't it alright. They probably have things to talk about man-to-man. So, Lydia, you should eat up."

It seemed like Lota was already distracted by the sandwiches.

“Raven, thank you for today. It has been a busy day for you.”

When Lydia called out to him as he was leaving, he turned around slightly and stared at Lydia.

Although whenever Raven looked at her for long with indifferent eyes which were absolutely expressionless, it felt as if he was glaring at her, Lydia understood that Raven was probably searching for words to say.

“This is my first time, to have such an enjoyable day.”

Although Raven left quickly after saying that, Lydia smiled happily.

“Hey--, Lydia!”

She heard Nico’s voice from the window.

Nico, who stood on both feet on the window sill as he swayed his tail, looked rather drunk.

“Drop by here a little as well.”

“Nico, are the fairies having their own gathering?”

“That’s right, the Fairy Market was just connected to this window. Come quickly. Even everyone from our home in Scotland had come over to see you as the bride.”

Lota stood up faster than Lydia who was about to stand up.



“That’s amazing. The fairies are having their own banquet? Can I go too?”

“Yes, of course. Mr Paul, please join us too.”

“Is that alright?”

“Please leave from this window.”

As Nico’s form disappeared in a swish as he left through the window, Lydia moved a chair to the side of the window, lifted up the hem of her skirt and stepped out of the window.

“Ehhh Lady Lydia!”

Paul had leant his body out of the window in shock because this was after all the second floor.

But now, outside the window, there were flowers blooming across a field.

Not a single one of London’s buildings could be seen on the field which stretched as far as the eye could see.

There was a single large tree and fairies were gathered around it.

Both Paul and Lota were able to see the fairies once they stepped foot onto this side of the world.

Just as they thought that there were shops selling things, there were fairies dancing around happily everywhere. There were fairies of different sizes and type; those with wings were dancing in the air while reflecting rainbow-coloured light off their wings; those without wings were peeking out of holes in the ground, hanging off from tree branches or gliding through the winds on leaves.

Amongst those small fairies, Lydia saw the familiar faces of fairies from her home in Scotland.

“Everyone came.”

Her friends who she had been close with gathered around her as they raised their chatter. They coiled about Lydia’s dress happily.

(I can finally address you as Consort.)

As she bent down towards her feet where the voice came from, there was a mining fairy with a shaggy beard.

“Coblynau.”

(Bow also seems to be happy.)

As he stretched his back, Coblynau gazed into the moonstone ring on Lydia’s finger. The ring which had now become a wedding ring, was a fairy gemstone which Coblynau’s family had been looking after.

It belonged to the consort of the first Blue Knight Earl.

“Is that true? That’s great.”

(Yes yes, though Bow cannot speak the human language, it says that someone wants to greet you.)

Coblynau looked around and then kicked at something in the thicket.

(Hey, aren’t you going to greet her? Arrow.)

Just as she thought that a silver-coloured light flickered, a youth who had been asleep lying down appeared. And then he got up with an annoyed expression.

(You got yourself drunk again. You're the Earl's sword aren't you? Even if you were just born, you lack too much self-consciousness.)

Coblynau, who placed his hands on his waist, scolded the youth of the size of a young human child. The youth frowned irritably and mumbled "I wasn't that drunk" in a surprisingly grown-up tone.

He then got up nimbly and knelt down before Lydia swiftly.

(Lady Ibrazel, I congratulate you on this day. I am the treasured sword of the Earl family, Arrow.)

"So you are Arrow."

This was the first time that Lydia had met this "Star" of the star sapphire.

This was the star that resided in the sapphire which was encased in the sword. This was the fairy of the sword itself, which was born from the power of the Merrows.

Lydia had met the previous Earl family's Arrow before. He had the appearance of a grown man. Although this Arrow still had the appearance of a small child, Lydia could see that his hair and body were similarly shining in silver.

"There's nothing to congratulate."

As a large shadow fell onto the ground, Coblynau panicked and hid amongst the tree roots. As the small fairies around screamed and scattered, Arrow also frowned and disappeared quickly.

“Kelpie.”

Lydia stood up and looked up towards a tall grown man with curly black hair.

The aquatic horse which transformed into a human form folded his arms together unhappily.

“...Ahh, with this, I won’t be able to bring you back to Scotland until that Earl dies.”

“Thank you... I have to thank you as well that this day has come.”

“Lydia, please don’t die before that guy does.”

*... I wonder.*

As Lydia gave a wry smile, Kelpie rested his head on her shoulder unexpectedly. Even as he took the form of a human, Kelpie, who was essentially a horse fairy, tried his very best to show affection. Because Lydia understood that, she buried her fingers in Kelpie’s curly black hair, as if she were stroking the mane of a horse.

“Oi---, Lydia.”

Nico called again.

“Tell the Earl to drop by little too!”

When Lydia nodded as she thought “That’s right”, Kelpie took Lydia’s arm.

“I’ll bring you back to the mansion.”

In the next moment, Lydia was already riding on Kelpie’s back.

Lota and Paul were enjoying themselves as they browsed through the Fairy Market. Leaving the two of them with Nico, Lydia decided to return to the

mansion.

A lady with a desperate expression had been standing in front of the mansion.

As Tomkins whispered that to him, Edgar instructed Tomkins to bring the lady into the mansion while he quietly excused himself from the guests.

To do something like that on his wedding day, Edgar couldn't see it as anything but harassment. This could be construed as a woman who was dumped by Edgar and so would easily become the prey of tabloid reporters who were loitering around.

Although he was somewhat upset, Edgar decided to speak with that lady because there was something he wanted to ask her no matter what.

In order to prevent any misunderstandings, Edgar had her wait along the gallery, which was also similar to a corridor, instead of in a room.

When Edgar entered the gallery, Claire got up from her seat.

"It's fine for you to come and visit me if there is something."

Edgar said that as serenely as he could.

"...Because you looked occupied today."

"Even more so, for you to loiter around my mansion meaningfully."

She fell silent out of shame as she was taken aback. So Edgar spoke out gently in order to draw answers out from her.

“Regardless, it’s just as well. I need to speak with you.”

She opened her eyes wide as if it was unexpected. Her expression was imbued with a trace of hopeful expectations.

“Was it some form of excuse when you said you wanted to be employed as a lady attendant? You looked like you wanted to say something the other day at the monastery ruins. I had interrupted you because I thought that it could’ve been something difficult to say in front of Lydia, but you don’t have to hold back now. You have something you wish to say to me right?”

The look of relief spread across her eyes. She probably felt that she was being accepted by Edgar. Edgar, who was observing Claire calmly, was well-versed in the arts of coaxing and manipulating the hearts of girls like Claire as he wished.

“Earl, I am afraid, whenever I think that you might be in danger.”

Wary of the surroundings, Claire spoke out.

“Danger? Why would you think that?”

It was probably a conversation that she did not want to be overheard. Claire lowered her voice further.

“Actually, misfortunes always befall the family which I am employed at. Before that fire happened, Sir Bourton had appeared to be frightened of something. ... Even in the past, something similar had happened before. In the family at which I was employed as a tutor, the butler who voiced out weird matters had thrown himself out of the window...”

Punishment towards those who revealed the existence of the religious organization.

Those words which Ulysses had said came to Edgar's mind. Ulysses also mentioned that Claire had worked at households where tragedy had struck, like the forewarnings of death.

"I see. If those were not coincidental, then it would mean that you had chosen your place of work knowing that tragedy will strike that household."

"No! I do not know anything. But my brother ... whenever I start working at a house which he had recommended me to go, somehow tragedies ..."

It seemed like it was her brother who had found a workplace for her, for the case of Sir Bourton and those before. Edgar wondered if it was true that Claire did not know anything about it.

"In the beginning, I happened to know that the house of the Earl was recruiting and so I went to meet Miss Lydia. But when I found out that my brother had asked for you to employ me, I realized that you may be targeted."

Rather than saying that Edgar was being targeted, it was more likely that the movements of Scarlet Moon were being guarded against because of the case of Slade and Owen.

"In that case, I can only imagine Mr Florey having done something to Sir Bourton."

After she kept silent for a while, Claire answered in a small voice as if she was about to break into tears.

“Th-that’s not ... I just, didn’t know what was going on.”

That her brother was a member of the religious organization and that he had sent her sister to the places of those whom the organization wanted to punish so that he would be able to enter with ease and serve as a spy. This was the reasonable conclusion to arrive at. But for Claire, it was probably difficult for her to tell others about her brother carelessly.

“I’m sorry, for saying something odd. ... I’ll be leaving.”

*I can’t let her leave yet. There is probably more which she knows.*

Edgar grabbed her arm in order to hold her back. It wasn’t difficult to get answers from her. After all, she has feelings towards him. She should want to come clean with him on everything once she is able to trust him.

Edgar gazed gently at Claire, who had lifted her face up in surprise.

“Is that so.... Even though it must be difficult because it concerns your elder brother, you still came to warn me for my sake right?”

She nodded as she looked downwards shyly.

“You don’t want to be overheard? Let’s change location.”

Edgar walked on. When he opened the door to another room, she entered with a meek expression.



It seemed like she was not wary about becoming alone with him.

“If my brother is involved in something bad, I want to stop him.”

Closing the door, Edgar walked towards Claire. When he gazed into her eyes, she blushed even as she looked perplexed.

“I understand. But before that, aren’t you in danger? You said that you were being followed right?”

Appearing troubled, she lowered her eyes.

“... Rather than that, Earl, I’m worried for you.”

*It seems like she finds it difficult to talk. A little more,* thought Edgar as he held Claire’s hands.

Taken aback, she moved back slightly but even so, she did not shake his hand off.

“You’re such a gentle person. I wanted to know you better earlier. But you didn’t talk to me very much then.”

“That’s because ... I thought that you’d be troubled if someone like me spoke to you.”

“There’s no man who would find it a trouble to be spoken to by you.”

Edgar told her in a serious tone. This was in order for her to treat this dream now as reality.

Claire thought over a little, and finally voiced out after making up her mind.

“Can’t you... keep Miss Lydia away?”

As she said that, she quickly added on, perhaps to try and convince Edgar.

“Erm, she, I thought it was odd that she wanted to employ me no matter what. Furthermore, she says odd things like fairies and such isn’t it? Sir Bourton was the same as well before the fire happened. He was lost his cool over seeing something scary, like monsters or devils, and the Lady became afraid.”

*Keep Lydia away.* She had fallen under Edgar’s spell so much that she was able to say such words.

As Edgar listened to those unpleasant words with an extremely quiet expression, Claire continued further.

“The other day, when I met Miss Lydia at the monastery ruins in the suburbs, I had gone there to offer flowers at the Bourtons’ door. Because I saw Miss Lydia, I was bothered and followed her... Just as I thought that I had lost her, I was followed by someone... In any case, those monastery ruins are suspicious. Miss Lydia, who was loitering around such a place, must be hiding something from you. Sir Bourton had also occasionally wandered over there. Furthermore, there were bloodstains in the underground chapel...”

“Underground?”

Claire fell silent as she was taken aback. She probably thought that she had said too much.

Even more so, Edgar wanted to know.

He placed his hands on Claire’s shoulder, as she trembled.

“Are you scared to talk about it?”

“...I don't know if you would believe this kind of thing ...”

“I believe you.”

“I feel like I will be cursed if I say it to anyone.”

“It's alright. If it's me, I'll be able to protect you. That kiss then, it wasn't just a sudden whim right?”

Claire was slightly surprised but she no longer tried to hide her feelings.

“As I thought, you realized it. ...I felt so embarrassed after that because I couldn't believe what I had done, and I wasn't able to face you.”

“Is that so? I thought you were avoiding me.”

She looked at him with eyes crossed with feelings of surprise and joy.

In order to act out a slightly more intimate atmosphere, Edgar gently embraced her.

“You were saying, the underground chapel?”

Even if it was a question that was nothing short of an interrogation, she looked at Edgar as if she was hearing sweet nothings.

“...In Sir Bourton's garden, there is a portion of the monastery ruins. There is an underground passage from there ... there's an underground chapel at the end of the passage.”

“You saw it right. What happened there?”

“Something frightening...”

It happened when Claire was about to say it. Just as he thought that the windows were making a violent noise, all the curtains in the room were blown up.

“Hey Earl! What’s the meaning of this!?”

A man with curly black hair jumped in. He grabbed Edgar by his collar.

“! Kelpie, wait...”

“To think that you are fooling around with another woman from the day you got married. That’s enough, you flirt! You try making Lydia cry and I’ll eat you by chewing off your head first!”

“Don’t get in my way.”

Edgar tried to pry Kelpie’s hand off, but Kelpie forced his way in between Edgar and Claire.

“Har? You best not be thinking that once you got married you can do as you please and Lydia won’t be able to run away from you.”

“Don’t be foolish. I need to talk to her...”

“Lydia, hey, you get angry too! Huh? Lydia, where did you go?”

Hearing that, this time it was Edgar’s turn to grab Kelpie by his collar.

“Kelpie! Don’t tell me that Lydia was here as well?”

“What “don’t tell me”!? We came together to get you.”

Panicking, Edgar looked out of the window.

When he caught a glimpse of Lydia’s white dress as she ran through the courtyard, he jumped out through the window in panic, like a youth from the streets.

“Earl...!”

Claire called out to stop him.

As if she didn’t expect him to run after Lydia.

She probably felt as though she had woken up from a dream. He still hadn’t found out from her anything important. But Edgar couldn’t afford to hesitate and ran after Lydia.

## Chapter 5: You must not rely on the fairy

As dusk set in, the surroundings became dim, and Edgar ran past without noticing Lydia, who was hidden in the shadows of the white flowering quinces.

Even after he left, Lydia remained crouched there for some time.

When she returned from the Fairy Market which was still brightly lit by sunlight, it had already become dusk in the human world. From Kelpie's back, Lydia watched the lights being lit up in the garden, the greenhouse and by windows of the hall.

The lights were extremely magical, as they lit up the surroundings by glowing bit by bit, similar to the lights of the fairies which were flying about each other in the Fairy Market.

As she enjoyed the view for some time from the mansion's rooftop, Lydia then descended to the ground with Kelpie, and she soon discovered Edgar's figure.

As he was in a room which wasn't lit up at all, Lydia wondered what he could have been doing at such a place. Then, she approached the window together with Kelpie, and was shocked.

Because Claire was there, and both she and Edgar were gazing into each other's eyes.

Lydia couldn't hear what their conversation was about. Only that, Lydia was

deeply shocked at seeing Edgar being the one to move in to embrace Claire.

And now, Lydia thought as she continued to crouch low and hide.

*There must be a reason for that. He may simply have been comforting Claire.*

*To begin with, I wonder why Claire is here. Edgar's attitude towards her the other day had been cold.*

She can't still be thinking of wanting to be employed, and since Lydia was still being misunderstood by Claire, Lydia did not feel that Claire had come specially to congratulate her.

Rather than that, as a fellow woman, Lydia had somehow sensed it. That Claire's eyes as she looked at Edgar, were those of a woman in love.

Could it be that Claire had known Edgar in the past?

Her approaching Lydia, as well as how she desperately appeared to want to be Lydia's lady attendant, could be because she wanted to stay by Edgar's side, and that may be why Edgar wanted to keep Claire away.

*But if so, why did they look at each other like lovers in that way?*

Confused, Lydia shook her head.

*How can I be disturbed by such a thing even though we're married?*

There was an exasperating number of girls who had fallen for Edgar. Even so, because he had chosen Lydia, Lydia could simply stay resolute regardless of how many of them came forth.

Although she tried to stand up with pride, her self-confidence did not well up easily.

Suddenly, Lydia felt afraid of facing Edgar.

He would definitely explain what it was about. But Lydia wondered if she would be able to accept his explanation.

*What if I can't accept it? Can I spend the night with him while carrying such uncertain feelings?*

He was the one, who had reached out towards Claire. He had the same smile on his face as the one he showed Lydia.

As she was reminded of that scene, even if she was facing him and he smiled at her in the same manner, she would definitely feel unhappy.

“... What should I do? There's definitely no way I can do this.”

*To sleep together in the same room while I'm still feeling this way...*

Not knowing whether her face was turning red or pale, Lydia muttered as she placed her hands against her cheeks.

(What's the matter? Bride of the Blue Knight Earl.)



She heard a voice from the depths of the bushes.

When Lydia peered in carefully, she saw five small grannies seated on the stone wall of the flower bed.

“Grannies...”

(It’s great that the wedding proceeded peacefully.)

(We were worried because the “something blue” you had didn’t have magic cast on it.)

(That contrarian fairy is still waiting patiently for her chance at the church.)

“Eh, is that so? Isn’t it better to inform her that the ceremony has already ended ...?”

(She’ll probably realize it sooner or later. Just leave her be.)

“Isn’t that quite pitiful?”

(This happens all the time.)

The five grannies shrugged their shoulders.

(Well then, it’s about time for us to return.)

“Grannies, thank you.”

Lydia stretched her hand out towards the five fairies. As they exchanged handshakes, Lydia noticed that their large hands were incompatible with their child-like bodies and even though their hands were hard and full of blisters from continuously spinning flax, their hands were extremely warm.

(Are you sure you don’t need magic for your first night?)

Habetrot turned back.

“Eh, yes...”

As she forced a smile and was about to shake her head, she hesitated suddenly.

“Erm, hey, with that magic, I wonder if I will not feel like running away...?”

(That’s the sort of magic for innocent girls.)

(You will want to jump into the groom’s arms willingly.)

If so, I wonder if the unpleasant feelings I have now will disappear.

*I do not want to quarrel with Edgar on our wedding day.*

Furthermore, if Lydia were to refuse him tonight, even he will definitely not be able to stay calm about it.

Things were different now. Because Lydia was already his wife.

“... As I thought, could you please cast the magic on me?”

(You’ve finally come round to it.)

The grannies laughed together.

One of them held out her spindle in front of Lydia and spoke.

(Put your hand out.)

When she did as she was told, the tip of the spindle poked Lydia’s fingertips.

The spindle appeared to glow in gold for an instant, but Lydia did not feel pain or anything.

(This will stay effective until tomorrow morning.)

(Well then, have a pleasant night.)

After saying that, the grannies disappeared together.

“I wonder if the magic will work with this.”

She did not feel as if anything was out of place, nor did her depressed feelings vanish.

She also did not feel like returning to the mansion where the banquet still continued.

In the end, Lydia returned to her office.

That was the place where she felt she belonged to more than any other place in the mansion.

But, she noticed the figure of a person standing by the window side in the dim room.

At the window side which was brighter than anything else inside the room, the blonde hair clearly stood out. The white jacket also caused the figure to stand out and when the quiet eyes captured Lydia in its sight, Lydia even felt an ache in her heart.

“I’ve been searching for you. I thought that you’d come here.”

“Edgar...”

“Lydia, please don’t run away and hear me out.”

Although she was filled with feelings of wanting to run away, Lydia endured it barely.

*I wonder if the magic is working at all.*

“Actually, Slade is being framed by somebody and is detained by the police.”

Edgar’s words were unexpected. Lydia, who thought that Edgar was sure to say that there was nothing going on between him and Claire, was so surprised that she turned her face towards Edgar.

“At this rate, the police may get involved with the guild “Scarlet Moon”. When I investigated into who had devised this plot, somehow an aristocrat by the name of Sir Bourton seems to be involved, but his family had been murdered. And the one who had worked at the Bourton family is Claire. Although it seems like she had been made use of unknowingly, she is frightened because she came to realize something important about the organization behind this.”

“Did Claire come asking for help? Since she had liked you from before, that must be it.”

“I did know her from before, but that’s all there is to it.”

“... Because she was frightened, you comforted her right?”

As he furrowed his brows with a troubled expression, Edgar combed his hair back.

“That’s not it. The reason why the organization in question made Claire approach me, was because they knew that I was close to Slade and Scarlet Moon, so they must have wanted to probe into it. That’s why I thought I would be able to turn the tables on them and find out about them from Claire instead.”

“Then... You mean that you pretended to help her but was in fact courting her only to make use of her?”

*Ahhh, why is this person like this?*

Lydia snapped due to disappointment and rage.

“Lydia, I wasn’t seriously courting her.”

“That’s worse! You got her into a good mood only to make use of her, so in the end you’re just hurting her.”

*The magic really isn’t working.*

With her distrust towards him growing stronger, even the magic that she went through the trouble to get casted might vanish.

“The ones behind Claire are the lot who murdered the wife and children of Sir Bourton. It’ll be too late if anything were to happen to you.”

With large strides Edgar walked towards Lydia, and he soon came right in front of Lydia and looked into her eyes.

“Lydia, if it’s to protect you, I’ll use any means necessary.”

The moment his hands touched her cheeks, Lydia felt dizzy as her

surroundings spun around her.

For an instant her vision turned dark and by the time she caught herself, she had already wrapped her arms around Edgar's neck.

"Do you like me that much?"

*Huh, wa-wait a minute, what am I saying!*

Even though on one hand she was completely confused by the words which had blurted out from her own mouth, on the other hand Lydia pressed her body against Edgar even more.

"Lydia...? Are you not angry anymore?"

*No, this was because Edgar had pulled me towards him in an embrace. What's going on?*

Although she struggled against it, Edgar did not seem to feel any resistance.

"Of course, I love you."

As her ear was gently nibbled, she let out a scream in her mind. But she wasn't able to release her arms which were wrapped around him.

"N... No!"

Finally, she pushed him away with all her might. As Lydia breathed deeply such that her shoulders were rising, she desperately tried to figure out what had happened.

However, Edgar stretched his hands out towards her again.

"As I thought, are you still angry? But to me, you are the only one I think of at any time. Because it's not possible for me to feel any inclination towards any

other woman, please cheer up.”

The moment she was touched, Lydia was not able to act as she wanted to.

“...Fine. Then do what you can to cheer me up.”

Just as she thought that she had clung onto him again, she had lifted her face and closed her eyes. Lydia panicked inside her heart at her own actions.

*What's this? ...Is this because of the magic?*

*No, I still haven't come to terms with anything.*

Although based on Edgar's reasoning, it was natural to court Claire just to make use of her, but as a girl, it bothered Lydia.

Looking at Claire's expression, she was completely infatuated with Edgar. Yet for him, even if he did not have the slightest inclination, he was still able to behave with consideration to Claire as if it was no big deal.

Lydia knew that it was Edgar's way to use any means necessary, and she also understood that this time it seemed like it involved something dangerous.

Because Edgar had been robbed of everything in the past, from now on he would want protect what he has firmly. Both Slade and Scarlet Moon had become things that Edgar cannot forsake. She understood those feelings of his.

But Lydia hoped that, even if it was just a little, he would stay as a gentleman until the very last moment when he had no choice but to turn into a strategist without blood and tears.

Although Lydia was finally able to turn her face away with great effort right

before she was about to be kissed, Edgar wrapped his arms around her waist.

Lydia had to fight desperately against the impulse to embrace him.

But as she desperately fought against that impulse, she couldn't stop her mouth from speaking.

"...I'm feeling somewhat hot."

"I see. Shall I undo your buttons?"

It was his usual half-joking tone. Yet Lydia replied 'Yes' in a mixture of breathlessness.

Although Edgar looked slightly surprised, he soon smiled and planted a kiss on Lydia's forehead.

"Shall we go to the bedroom?"

She panicked.

*Why did things turn out this way?*

No, no matter how one thought about it, Lydia was the one who was seducing him. As it got hotter and hotter, Lydia, who had lost her cool, nodded.

"Erm... wait a moment..."

Although she was finally able to voice out her own words, because it turned out to be a shallow and high-pitched voice, it may had gotten Edgar more into the mood.

"It'll be fine. There's nothing to be afraid of."

Even if you smiled at me in such a refreshing manner.



“Th-that’s not it...”

When she tried to speak properly, her arms clung onto him by themselves.

“Here is fine.”

As she panicked and exerted strength to pull her arms away from him, her mouth blurted out those words before she knew it.

“Here?”

Lydia wondered if Edgar could have finally found it odd. But he simply laid Lydia down on the sofa in a manner as if he had been used to doing so.

“To think that you had also been holding yourself back that much.”

*Th-That obviously can’t be the case can’t it!?*

“So I wasn’t the only one who wanted to be bonded to each other quickly. If so, it would’ve been better if we had concluded the banquet earlier.”

*I said that’s not it!*

*I don’t want things to be like this.*

Even though she thought that, there was nothing she could do.

She wasn’t able to exert any strength in her body, and she could only look at him passionately with moist eyes.

But Edgar suddenly appeared calm.

“Lydia, are you drunk?”

He frowned as he looked down towards Lydia from above.

“As I thought, this isn’t like you.”

The moment his hands left her even a little, Lydia regained her freedom.

After she hurriedly sat up, she retreated to the end of the sofa to distance herself from Edgar.

“Th-This is because of magic!”

“Magic?”

“Please, don’t touch me now. It seems like the magic will activate when I am touched.”

Edgar looked at Lydia with an expression of complete bewilderment, buried his fingers in his blonde hair and sighed.

“Why, did you resort to that sort of magic?”

“That’s because ... the spinstress fairies said it was magic for the bride. So that, I will not feel like running away tonight...”

“Do you mean that if it wasn’t for the magic you would’ve wanted to run away?”

As one would expect, it was a sullen tone.

“Well, it’s because of you and Claire! And so, I was shaken and ended up asking the fairies for help!”

“Am I that untrustworthy?”

“I saw you pulling her towards you in an embrace. ... It can’t be helped that I don’t know what to think of it isn’t it?”

“It’d be good if you did not hide and heard me out.”

“Even if I heard you out, I won’t be able to accept it.”

“Why...”

Edgar had spoken halfway when the windows suddenly opened, and Kelpie stood in front of the both of them who were each on the separate ends of the sofa.

“So both the Earl and Lydia are here huh. Aren’t you guys going to the Fairy Market?”

Lydia kept quiet as she averted her eyes away from Edgar. Exasperated, Kelpie looked at both Lydia and Edgar in turn.

“What, so you guys are quarreling? As I thought, Lydia, do you want to quit your marriage with this guy?”

As he said that, the moment Kelpie placed his hand on Lydia’s shoulder, Lydia felt dizzy.

By the time she thought “Ah-“, she had already clung onto Kelpie in an embrace.

“Lydia?”

Edgar raised his voice.

“Kelpie, what are you doing? Let go of Lydia!”

“It’s not me. Lydia’s the one who is clinging on to me and won’t let go.”

“Don’t be absurd.”

When Edgar tried to grab Lydia, Kelpie escaped while still carrying Lydia in his arms.

“Is that so Lydia? You finally understood that I’m so much better compared to this guy?”

“Raven, pull Lydia away from that guy!”

Edgar ordered Raven, who happened to open the door.

Raven, who quickly went towards Kelpie, tried to pull Lydia’s arm in order to act as Edgar ordered.

Immediately, Lydia embraced Raven.

Perhaps because he was shocked at what happened all of a sudden, Raven staggered. Although he somehow managed to hold on to Lydia anew and support her, he froze and was unable to move because of her passionate embrace.

“Lydia... why did you cling onto that guy?”

Kelpie raised his voice perplexedly.

“Lady Lydia, please let go of your hands.”

Raven said that and looked towards Edgar for help. But Edgar was also dumbfounded.

“Raven, don’t move. Do not let Kelpie touch Lydia.”

Raven moved backwards in order to distance Lydia away from Kelpie while still being frozen.

Irritated, Kelpie turned to face Edgar.

“What’s going on? You, what did you do to Lydia?”

“In any case, you need to disappear. Don’t get in our way.”

“What? That’s just weird. Lydia who is married to you is actually clinging on to me and that boy instead of you!”

“She clings onto me too.”

Edgar retorted defensively, but that was beside the point.

*Things can’t go on like this.*

Lydia desperately pulled her body away from Raven. When she was somehow able to succeed in that, she stumbled across the room and went to crouch in a corner.

“No one comes near me. Leave me alone until tomorrow morning!”

“That’s seems to be the only thing that can be done.”

Moving closer towards her, Edgar stopped while keeping a little distance from Lydia. He muttered while letting out a sigh.

“Since to the current you, it seems that so long as it’s a man, anyone will do.”

Those words which showed that Edgar was completely appalled, stabbed deeply into Lydia’s heart.

““Anyone will do’ ... That’s horrible! It’s the magic’s fault, it has nothing to do

with my own volition.”

“Isn’t there something wrong with you thinking of relying on magic to begin with?”

Even though he had bent down to look at Lydia, he made it a point not to touch her.

“I wanted you to wish for it from your heart. That’s why I waited until we were married. Even though we finally got married, to think that you wanted to run away... You say that you intend to bear with it using magic because you can’t refuse me? I won’t be happy holding such a you in my arms.”

Biting her lips, Lydia held back her tears.

“You’re the one in the wrong!”

“Even if you’re that angry with me, you’ll still end up embracing me regardless of how you feel won’t you?”

He deliberately reached out for Lydia’s hand.

*If I embraced him, he will probably be appalled and say “see?”*

The moment she thought that, the tears which she had been holding back flowed out. At the same time, Lydia slapped his hand away.

Edgar was surprised, but was it because Lydia did not embrace him, or was it because tears were flowing down her cheeks?

“...You’re the only one, who I will definitely not embrace!”

Lydia stood up and ran out of the room.

“Lydia, wait!”

As if he regained his senses, Edgar ran after her. Even though he grabbed her arm, the magic still did not work.

Lydia herself was shocked and confused.

“Does this mean that you do not want to embrace me that much no matter what?”

Edgar also appeared to be shaken. But Lydia was too hurt to feel sorry towards him.

“You won’t be happy with it won’t you? If so isn’t this just fine!?”

“In any case, with regards to Claire, I did not betray you a single bit. For you not to hear me out and rely on magic over such a meaningless misunderstanding ...”

To Edgar, courting someone for the purpose of making use of them is probably not something that falls within the scope of unfaithfulness that Lydia needed to be jealous over.

But hearing that, Lydia only felt even more depressed.

It’s not only because she wanted Edgar to stay as a gentleman.

It was probably because she remembered how she was like in the past.

During the times when she was unable to believe Edgar no matter how he courted her, she thought that if she believed him she would get hurt.

Even though now she does not think of his words as being spoken in jest, when she witnessed him being capable of courting other girls frivolously, her heart simply ached.

It could have been herself who had been hurt like Claire. Somewhere, Lydia felt that way.

“It’s not meaningless. What you did in order to cheat her, are you going to do that to me as well?”

*Ahhh, I am also saying horrible things.*

Even though she thought that, she was unable to come up with any excuses, and she felt Edgar loosen his grip.

Lydia, who had no choice but to run away again, saw Lota who was coming from the other direction and ran towards her.

“Lota!”

Because she no longer knew what to do, Lydia clung onto her close friend’s arm.

“What happened Lydia? Since you took so long, I came back. ... Huh? Are you in a fight with Edgar already?”



As Lota looked in turn at Lydia and Edgar who ran after her, Lota placed her hands on her hips and glared at Edgar.

“Edgar, what did you do!? Don’t tell me that you suddenly assaulted Lydia without any shred of consideration towards her.”

“That’s not a nice thing to say. I did invite her to the bedroom proper...”

“Edgar, don’t say it!”

Lydia shouted as she turned red.

“What? What’s going on?”

Lydia heard Edgar let out a sigh.

“Lota, in any case, can I leave Lydia with you? Just don’t let any man get near her.”

“Even you?”

“I... well it seems like Lydia hates me.”

*That’s not it.* But Lydia didn’t know what she should say.

Lydia lowered her gaze so that she did not have to see Edgar turning away and leaving.

By the time the banquet which carried on endlessly was called a night, the guests which were thoroughly drunk returned home after being pushed onto their carriages by their servants one by one.

At such a time when the Ashenbert mansion had returned to its usual peace and quiet, Edgar was seated alone in his study, resting his chin in his hands with a disappointed expression.

“Ah—Ah, to think that the fairy magic was actually negated; you must have said something very horrible.”

When he turned his head towards the voice, Edgar saw Nico enter through the window and stood in front of him at his feet on two legs.

Nico then looked up towards Edgar with his arms crossed, in an admonishing manner.

He probably heard about what had happened from Lydia.

“How’s Lydia?”

“Although she nearly embraced Paul when he came by earlier, Lota and I worked hard to prevent that from happening.”

“I see.”

As he thought, Edgar was the only one whom the magic wasn’t working on.

Come to think of it, Lydia was the one who asked for the magic to be cast on her. Even though she had misgivings towards him because of what happened with Claire, it was precisely because she had no hesitations about becoming husband and wife with Edgar that Lydia had chosen to use magic.

Edgar, who was disappointed over the fact that Lydia had resorted to magic, now regretted that he did not realize those feelings of Lydia’s then.

“When it comes to Lydia, somehow I just end up turning into simple and honest ten-year old youth.”

“Oi, you were only simple and honest up to the age of ten?”

“Since the magic was already in force, I should have just gone with the flow just now.”

Even if it was a little different from the usual Lydia, if he had let nature run its course, then perhaps the issue with Claire wouldn't matter anymore.

“I'm surprised that nothing happened even though Lydia went after you that way.”

“But for me, I'd prefer it if Lydia was a little reluctant.”

“Are you a pervert?”

“No, I'll welcome it fully if Lydia herself were to become enthusiastic about it. As I thought, I don't want it if it's not completely Lydia.”

“You're surprisingly a romanticist.”

“Nico, I'm glad that you understand where I'm coming from.”

“If that's the case you should've just said so. To say that 'anyone will do'... you know that Lydia's not that kind of girl don't you?”

Edgar became depressed after being coolly scolded by Nico.

But, it was precisely because he was dealing with a cat, that he felt that it was alright to open up the pathetic feelings he had to Nico.

“I guess I was shocked to find out that I had to bear with it tonight. And I ended up venting my frustrations on Lydia.”

“You’re an exasperating fool.”

Today, Nico was wearing a tie that was different from usual. It wasn’t bad to be called names by a fashionable and gentlemanly fairy cat.

“Seriously, it’s as you said. On a separate topic, Nico, that’s a lovely tie you have on today.”

Nico, who was praised, puffed his chest out in a good mood. He narrowed his eyes happily as he stroked his whiskers.

“As I thought, Earl, you have good taste. Isn’t it lovely that it looks like a flying fish?”

“Yeah, it’s exactly like a flying fish.”

The term ‘flying fish’ must be some word to describe something wonderful in the fairy world.

As he looked at Nico who appeared more and more satisfied, Edgar thought to himself.

Nico had also become a member of the Earl family. That’s why he was being unusually cordial towards Edgar.

Edgar felt a little glad.

Today was a special day. Edgar had obtained something precious. It wasn't only Lydia, but also the various things that she held.

The bonds with fairies, the sense of future happiness as well as the hope towards peaceful days and the future.

*I want to treasure them.*

*This is no time to be in a fight.*

"Well, since Lydia's also stubborn, I know that it's difficult for you too. But don't let your guard down just because you've gotten married. Because Kelpie's in a good mood."

Edgar leaned his body forward as that was something he could not overlook.

"Kelpie? That horse, is he around Lydia again?"  
That's also something that sticks around Lydia.

This was unpleasant to Edgar but there was nothing he could do.

"Yeah, because it seems like if he takes the form of a horse Lydia doesn't get into a weird mood. And so Kelpie is having a field day bad mouthing you as much as he wants to."

*I don't like this. But he is after all a horse. Since he can't seduce Lydia using his true form, I guess in a way it's better than a human male.*

Even so Edgar couldn't stay still and stood up from his chair.

"It's probably about time that Lydia has calmed down enough to hear me out."

“I wonder about that.”

Despite what Nico said, Edgar left the study.

“Kelpie, it’s fine for you to go back.”

Kelpie, who stayed in the room in the form of a horse, looked dissatisfied at Lydia who told him that.

“What? I need to keep a lookout to make sure that no man approaches you don’t I?”

In any case, Lydia had confined herself in one of the guest rooms.

Lota had just left to send Paul off. Now that she was alone with Kelpie, Lydia started to become bothered with herself over-relying on everyone.

“But I can’t be together with you so late into the night.”

“I’d been going in and out of your house at such hours hadn’t I?”

That’s right. Because Kelpie isn’t human. Because he was a fairy, even if it was a late visit, or that he had entered Lydia’s private room as he pleased, Lydia had allowed it. But from now onwards, things cannot be so.

“This is Edgar’s mansion. From now on, even if it’s my room you can’t enter as you please. Please understand.”

Lydia stretched out her hands and stroked Kelpie’s mane.

“Kelpie, thank you. I’ll take care not to let any man come near me. The guests have returned while Mr. Tomkins and Mrs. Herriot are keeping a lookout for me, so it’s fine.”

Even so, Kelpie turned his black pearl-like eyes towards Lydia worryingly.

“Has that pirate girl gone back too?”

“That’s right, it’s about time that Lota also ...”

*I can’t hold her back indefinitely either.*

As she thought that, the door opened and Lota returned to the room.

“Lydia, Gramps sent someone to come for me, because I promised to return home proper today.”

Lydia stood up and walked towards Lota.

“That’s right, I’m sorry I kept you back for so long. I’m fine already.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

Lydia tried to smile cheerfully as much as she could.

“I’m also thinking of having Kelpie go off soon.”

Lota nodded and hugged Lydia by her shoulder.

“Well, Edgar’s probably reflecting on himself now. Be sure to reconcile with him.”

“Yes, thank you, Lota.”

After sending Lota off, Lydia closed the door and told herself that she needed to pull herself together.

“Oi Lydia, are you sure you’re not pushing yourself?”

Lydia turned around to face Kelpie while working hard to smile. Then, she was shocked and opened her eyes wide. Because unbeknownst to her, Kelpie had taken the form of a grown man.

“Ke-Kelpie, what are you doing!?”

If it was Kelpie in the form of a horse, Lydia could rest assured that even if he touched her it will be fine. Yet because he had suddenly taken the form of a human, Lydia stepped back.

But Kelpie ignored that and approached Lydia. He then grabbed her shoulder roughly.

“Sto...”

By the time she tried to finish saying ‘stop’, she had already embraced Kelpie.

“Lydia, I had thought that so long as you continue to smile, it can’t be helped if you got married. But that Earl made you feel lonely on such a day.”

“...Kelpie, you’re the only one, who would understand me so well like that.”

*Wh-what am I saying!*

Once again, her mouth was blurting out words on its own.

Even though he should know better, Kelpie held Lydia in his arms.



“Hey, why not you spend the night with me, even if it’s just for tonight. It’ll definitely feel good to sprint through the moonlit night endlessly.”

“That’s... right, that’ll be lovely.”

“Alright, it’s decided then.”

*No, at this rate ...*

Lydia tried to exert strength throughout her body. But the fairy magic robbed her of the strength to resist.

To think that even though the magic was working so strongly, she still ended up rejecting Edgar. It was not because she hated him, but because she loved him more than anyone else.

That’s why she was afraid of being despised by him more and more. Because that was the only thing she could not bear, Lydia held on to her own will stronger than the magic towards him was.

*Even if it was because of the magic, I can’t follow Kelpie.*

Lydia told herself that resolutely.

*I definitely, can’t!*

At once, Lydia raised her hand.

Kelpie, who was slapped, let go of Lydia. Lydia, seizing that chance and escaping, hurriedly ran towards the door.

“Kelpie, please don’t do things that go against my will...”

“But that Earl, he was talking about having kissed that woman from just now! That’s something that humans only do with someone special isn’t it? Doesn’t that make it a betrayal towards you!?”

*A kiss? With Claire?*

“Stop! I don’t want to hear such things!”

Lydia turned her back in order to run away, and slid out through the door.

“...Sorry then.”

As Lydia did not have it in her to take in those words of Kelpie's, she ran out as she was shaken.

*What did he mean by a kiss?*

*Does it mean that Edgar and Claire were not only acquaintances but had actually dated each other before?*

*If so, then he may not have only courted her just to make use of her?*

*Even if the part about there being a problem with Scarlet Moon was true, I wonder how much of Edgar’s earlier explanation was true.*

*I wonder if Claire really knew something and that it was related to the matter with Slade.*

*Suddenly, I feel like I can’t even believe in the most fundamental things.*

*Isn’t this a case of having a past lover intrude on this day?*

When she thought about Edgar hiding his relation with Claire and speaking with Claire alone like lovers, Lydia became increasingly confused.

*I want to go home.*

Suddenly, such a feeling arose.

*I can't imagine having to stay by myself in this mansion like this.*

Driven by anxiety, Lydia hurried her feet even more.

As she was about to run down the stairs, she was called to a halt by the housekeeper.

"Miss... ah, no, milady, Professor Carlton is leaving soon."

*Father.*

*I wonder if he will scold me if I tell him that I want to go home with him. But if I explain what happened to him...*

"Father!"

As she ran into the entrance hall, her father, who had been pleasantly drunk, turned to face her with a smile.

"Lydia, I had just asked for you to come because I was thinking of leaving soon."

"Yes, Father, I want to go back too..."

"Professor Carlton."

Edgar's voice erased Lydia's words. Taken aback, Lydia fell silent.

Edgar, who had glanced at Lydia with a stern expression, probably realized what she had been about to say.

But immediately, he turned to face her father with a smile.

“No, I guess I should already be addressing you as Father? Thank you very much for staying around so late for the banquet.”

Appearing to have come to send her father off, Edgar stood beside her casually.

“Earl, even though I had been mentally prepared, it seems that I’ll become quite lonely from tonight onwards. I’ll leave Lydia in your care.”

Her father, who was not aware of what had happened, appeared happy even as he was moved to tears.

Even if it was to her own father, she should not be thinking of saying that she wants to leave with him. When Lydia realized that, she was no longer able to say anything but to look downwards.

*I must smile properly, or Father might suspect something and become worried.*

Even though she thought that, Lydia felt like crying as she tried to lift her face.

“Of course. Please come and visit again anytime. For Lydia’s sake as well.”

As Edgar said that, he placed his arms around her shoulders, like he was being considerate towards the bride who was at a loss for words at having to part with her father.

Even when he touched her, as she thought, the magic did not activate.

After her father left, Edgar let go of his hand.

And with that he kept silent and because she could only feel his gaze on her, Lydia felt like running away.

“...What did you intend to tell the professor?”

Edgar opened his mouth and asked somewhat carefully.

“It was, nothing.”

“Lydia, your home is here. So is the place you should return to.”

“... I know.”

When she tried to turn back, he grabbed her arm.

“And your room is this way.”

“Wai-, Edgar.”

As he dragged Lydia along forcibly, they went up the stairs which led to the private room.

After he opened the doors to the dressing room which led to the master bedroom and dragged Lydia into it, he shut the door behind his back.

He was grabbing on to Lydia so strongly that it did not seem like he would let her go. Without realizing that he was furrowing his brows painfully because she looked afraid, Lydia was unable to tear her eyes off those ash mauve eyes of his.

She knew what it was that Edgar wished for. Lydia's wish should be the same as well. But now, with her heart thrown into a state of disarray, she did not

think that she'd be able to entrust herself to him fully.

"Let go... it hurts."

As if it was extremely difficult to do so, quite some time had passed before he finally let go.

Even so, Edgar continued to keep the door shut behind him. As Lydia was at a loss as to what she should do, she vented her irritation on him.

"Have you dated Claire before?"

Although he raised his eyes up in surprise, Lydia continued to confront him uncontrollably.

"I heard that... you two kissed. Is it true that that's the kind of relationship you shared?"

"What are you saying? There's nothing going on with her..."

"Tell me the truth! Have you two kissed? Or not? Don't lie to me!"

Lydia felt that this was the first time she had seen him seriously troubled. Just based on that, Lydia already had an inkling as to what his answer would be.

"To me, it was something that didn't involve any feelings."

He did not lie. Even as she felt relieved by that, the truth that had been made clear struck Lydia heavily.

“Is that, so.”

“Lydia...”

“...Edgar, I’ll, rest in the guest room tonight.”

“Please stay here.”

He said that with a sigh.

“Lydia, it’s not the same. When I touch you, what I think and what I feel are extremely special.”

Truth be told, Lydia understood that as well. Even for her, whenever she was by Edgar’s side, talking to him and having meals with him, she felt something special which she did not feel when she was with others.

*Are you going to treat me the same way as Claire?*

Lydia had probably said that because she felt frustrated. She knew clearly that it was not the same.

But because she still needed more time in order to forget what she had seen and heard, now she was still unable to look at him properly.

“I’ll be going out, so please stay here.”

Surprised at those words, Lydia lifted her gaze a little.

“I want you to stay at the place that’s meant for you. If it’s not that you want to hurt me, then please don’t think of returning to some other place.”

“Edgar...”

“Good night.”

Leaving those words, he disappeared outside the door.

*It's not that I want to hurt you.*

*Ahh ... I've been such a fool...*

Lydia muttered.

*But I've already hurt him. What a horrible thing have I done?*

Even though she had finally become a part of Edgar's family, and that this was already the only place that was her home, she thought of leaving with her father.

Even though she regretted it, Lydia remained standing grounded in the center of the room as she was unable to run after him.

\*

Slade's gallery and high class club, which served as Scarlet Moon's base, had suspended its business as its owner was detained.

Alighting from his carriage at the front of the building which lights had been extinguished, Edgar went round to the backdoor with Raven.

After displaying the signal which only people belonging to the guild would know, the door opened from the inside.

Paul who showed his face, looked at Edgar in surprise.

"Earl... what is the matter?"

"Scarlet Moon is investigating into the articles Owen left behind right? I



thought that everyone would be here.”

“Erm, what about Lady Lydia?”

Although Paul looked extremely uneasy, Edgar avoided the topic with a smile.

“She’s at the mansion. Can I come in?”

“Eh... Yes, pl-please.”

Edgar proceeded towards the end of the narrow passageway while following Paul, who was showing him the way albeit with a confused expression. The room from which light was spilling out through the opening in the door was Slade’s office. In this room which was lit with only light from candles, were twenty odd members who were gathered inside.

Although everyone appeared surprised at Edgar’s appearance, in such a gathering which comprised of youths who admired Edgar, their feelings of joy at the reunion eclipsed any feelings of distrust at being abandoned, and they gathered around Edgar readily.

“Earl, as we thought, you did not abandon us.”

“We knew that that was definitely the case.”

“Even if you are no longer our direct leader, to us, the Blue Knight Earl is the support to our hearts. Yet Mr. Slade, he told us to forget about your existence...”

“No, that man is just being stubborn; the truth is that he did not want the Earl to leave us.”

Faced with the earnest feelings of the young members, Edgar couldn’t help but feel how good things would be if he had more confidence in himself.

Even if he had inherited Prince's memories, it would be sufficient if he could hold on to the conviction that he would not betray Scarlet Moon. But there were still too many things which were unknown to him for him to be able to have that conviction.

"Sorry, but I have my reasons for stepping down as the leader of Scarlet Moon."

"Why is that?"

"Scarlet Moon is an artist guild which had been protected and groomed by the previous Blue Knight Earl. We have sworn that we will always assemble around the Blue Knight Earl."

"Even if you no longer concern yourself with Scarlet Moon, our master is still the Blue Knight Earl."

Even though they knew that Edgar was not a descendent of the Earl family, they still said that and so Edgar was thankful towards them. But at the current moment, Edgar was not able to come to any conclusion on that matter.

"Rather than that, what's more important now is the matter concerning Slade."

"That's right. Everyone calm down. There's no point in troubling the Earl over that."

As Jack said that, finally everyone fell silent.

"Earl, we were just about to report to you. We have correspondences between Owen and Sir Bourton. Although it seems that Sir Bourton had ordered

paintings from Owen on a couple of occasions, Owen had kept this a secret.”

Louis immediately went straight into the topic.

“No one else knew?”

“Yes. Because depending on the genre of the painting, there were occasions whereby the purchaser wants to keep his identity a secret.”

In other words, it was a painting that can’t be shown in public for moral and ethical reasons.

“The theme which Owen was pursuing, was that of devils and hell... Generally speaking, paintings which are rather grotesque, those which ladies would avert their eyes from.”

“I see. So Sir Bourton was interested in that.”

“It seems that way. Only that Owen had let out on his wanting to see the actual thing as a result of his own overzealousness.”

“To see a real devil?”

“One of his acquaintances had heard that that wish could be fulfilled at some place nearby.”

“And because Owen died shortly after that, the acquaintance kept silent about it as it was too unnerving.”

Edgar fell into thought. When he was about to connect the dots to what Claire had said, Paul interrupted.

“Erm, Earl, is it alright for you to leave the bride alone by herself?”

It seemed that Paul was very much bothered by that.

Edgar smiled as he walked towards Paul, and leaned his face close towards Paul's in order to intimidate him.

"I'm prioritizing Slade over my beloved bride for Scarlet Moon's sake. Are you unhappy with my goodwill?"

"No, of course not. ... But won't you get into a fight with Lady Lydia afterwards over this...?"

Although Paul had said so out of concern for Edgar, Paul was still too oblivious in matters concerning man and woman.

"Paul! The Earl is concerned for us even on such an important day."

Paul appeared to fail to catch the hint even though Louis tried to help.

That was even though everyone other than Paul realized that the topic of Edgar coming to a gathering full of men on his wedding day, despite his earlier declaration that Lydia takes number one priority, was a forbidden topic.

"That's right, Earl, please take a look at this. This just came out earlier."

Another youth pushed Paul aside and presented a bundle of papers in front of Edgar.

“These are?”

“Based on the dates, these should be the rough sketches Owen had prepared for the latest painting ordered by Sir Bourton.”

“Owen had the habit of transcribing what he saw and felt onto scrap papers like these instead of using sketchbooks.”

Taking that, Edgar laid those sketches out on the table.

On the scrap papers made out of writing papers filled with miswriting, wrapping paper, flyers and pages torn from books, were drawings made in fine ink lines clustered together.

“I see. The ones who had used Sir Bourton’s name had only seized the completed paintings, and overlooked these as simply scribbles.”

Each of the sketches was filled with religious motifs.

The sketches could be seen to have illustrations of old chapels with altars, damaged statues of angels, and bibles being engulfed in flames.

Most likely these are parts of images and sketches which would form a single painting.

With a faint image of anything religious, the decadence illustrated was exactly in line with the painter’s theme.

“Is this, a magic formation?”

Edgar stopped his eyes at a new sketch.

“...Is that a black mass?”

The sketch looked like it was trying to depict a scene of a ritual to summon the devil.

Or could it be.

The underground passage.

Edgar pulled out another sketch. In a place that looked like a dark and long tunnel, there was a door with a cross at the end.

Claire said that there was an underground passage in Sir Bourton’s garden. If this sketch was depicting that place, then Sir Bourton and Owen could have been peeking into the underground chapel from there.

Sir Bourton knew something that could only be known if he was a member of the religious organization. But it was difficult to imagine that if he had been a follower who knew the rules, he would reveal the happenings to anyone, even if it were to an artist who he was close to. Sir Bourton had probably stumbled upon the underground passage and found out about the religious organization by chance.

Claire had also approached the underground chapel and the like by chance and saw something. Probably the black mass.

She said “something frightening.”

Sir Bourton and Owen were probably not satisfied with only peeking through the hidden passage, and had gone on to investigate the monastery ruins. And with that, the religious organization found out that the two knew about their secrets and sent Claire’s brother out to search and put an end to them.

The fact that they tried to recover every single one of Owen's paintings from Slade was probably because it would be trouble if the painting leaked out.

If that's the case, it would mean that the painting contained something which the lot who conducted the black mass needed to hide at all costs.

Edgar went through the bundle of scrap papers further.

It should be here.

There should be something important recorded down which can't be treated simply as a fantasy drawing if it enters the public eye.

Eventually, Edgar withdrew a Christmas card that had a fold, and flipping over the printed design of The Virgin and Child, he fixed his eyes on a sole portrait.

Unlike the other sketches, this drawing had portions coloured with light watercolours. The fact that it was different from scribblings and had been drawn with care, was either because it was part of an important theme in the painting, or because Owen himself was particular about it.

That was a portrait of a man in a priest's robe. He was trampling on a cross and holding a goblet used during baptisms. The deep red contents of the goblet was probably not wine but blood. It was the appearance of a priest performing a black mass.

Although this person was covered with a cloak which was painted black, the reason why it was still thought that he was wearing a priest's robe, was because one could see a little of the clothes which a clergyman would be wearing

peeking out beneath the cloak, from the sleeves and the trouser cuffs.

The long trouser cuffs which covered the feet were purple. It looked like a red waistcoat-like robe was laid over it.

“So that’s what it is.”

Edgar muttered.

“This is a bishop from the Church of England.”

“Ehh.”

Everyone from Scarlet Moon was at a loss for words as they were in shock.

“... A high ranking clergyman, is involved with a black mass?”

Paul made a sign of the cross at his chest.

It was not something impossible. Since the past, black masses which praised the devil by thoroughly blaspheming Christ had been entertainment which were popular amongst aristocrats and clergymen who were overwhelmed with boredom.

It was an immoral and dangerous game which cannot be made public.

“Let’s identify this person. There’s no doubt that he is the mastermind.”

“But we can’t tell his face from this painting.”

“Leave it to me. And then, Raven.”

The valet who had been standing by silently, took a step forward towards Edgar.

“Could you bring over Claire Florey’s brother who is staying at Bloomsbury?”



Use any means necessary, but take care not to catch the attention of others.  
Take as many people as you need.”

## Chapter 6: Until death do you part

When Edgar returned to the mansion, the sky was already bright.

He took the stairs up to the private room, and while softly opening the door to the master bedroom, he caught a glimpse of Lydia's beautiful caramel-colored hair. She was wrapped in blankets, by the window side of the spacious room that was surrounded by luxurious furniture and furnishings.

At that moment, a ball of gray fur in front of the sofa slowly started to move. Nico was shaking his fluffy tail as he sat up, giving Edgar a resentful look.

"Can I come in?"

After Edgar asked in a whisper, Nico snorted through his nose.

"After the marriage, I shouldn't have to look after Lydia anymore."

"I'm sorry, you took care of Lydia for me, didn't you?"

"Please don't let this happen again in the future."

"I hope so too."

He slightly moved toward the bed. Lydia was curled up, sleeping in a corner of the broad bed.

Edgar was careful not to wake her, as he stroked her hair with his fingertips.

“I’m sorry.....”

There were tear stains left on her cheeks. Edgar felt a pain in his chest and frowned.

He wanted to stay by Lydia’s side until she was awake, and hoped to talk with her and find ways to reconcile.

But, he also had “Scarlet Moon” and Slade’s matters to take care of. Since it was already determined that there was an unexpected important figure behind it, the matter had completely fallen into a state of urgent action.

*We have to take the opportunity to attack them while they are still unaware that we already know of their satanic rituals.*

Edgar softly kissed Lydia’s head and left her side; Raven was already waiting outside the room.

“Mr. Florey was in a brothel when we caught him. The prostitutes had already been well bribed.”

“Got it. Raven, I will go visit the nobles that have a relationship with the church next, and find out about bishop in the painting. You can leave Florey to “Scarlet Moon” to take care of. Just in case, you mustn’t let Lydia out of your sight.”

After all, Lydia had visited the monastery that they were likely using to hold their rites.

If at that time, the ones tracking Claire were members of the group, they might feel that Lydia going to that kind of place alone was very suspicious.

Edgar and “Scarlet Moon” were linked, and Lydia was his wife, so the possibility of them watching her was very high.

*As long as they have Raven, there shouldn't be a problem.*

After saying that to himself, Edgar left the room.

“This omelet is truly delicious, and adding all this cream and milk is simply too extravagant. Right, Lydia?”

Nico cheerfully ate his breakfast in big mouthfuls.

He had sat on many soft cushions that were specially prepared for his chair, and then hooked the napkin onto his tie, and was dexterously using a knife and fork.

“Are you still angry? It's about time you forgive the Earl. He is a philanderer, which you should know as well.”

Lydia didn't know how many times she'd sighed last night. She sighed once again, stopping the hand that she was eating with.

“.....I'm not angry. Because I also said too much.”

It was because of this that she didn't know how to fix the situation.

“Then you just have to apologize to him for that matter, don’t you?”

“What if he doesn’t forgive me?”

From Edgar’s view, he was probably very disappointed with Lydia yesterday.

It was clearly because of the magic’s influence that she was hugging other men, yet she only refused Edgar. Moreover, she went as far as wanting to return home.

“You’re speaking of the Earl that pampers women? He can’t not forgive you.”

Lydia thought, *I wonder about that.*

No matter how sweet he is to girls, it’s not like he won’t get hurt.

“Perhaps that there’s no way for you to simply change his feelings.”

Because Lydia herself was like that.

Regardless of the reason, she didn’t want to see him saying sweet words to Claire on her wedding day.

Not only that, Edgar had also once kissed Claire in a situation without special feelings.

Though the matter had already happened, Lydia was unable to comprehend why he did that kind of thing, and so she had been unable to sort out her feelings.

Perhaps Edgar also embraced the same feeling. Regardless of the reason, no

matter who they were, the bride would embrace other men in front of him as soon as she encountered them, so it was natural he would feel unable to forgive her.

Nico sighed.

“I had originally thought I could eat however much I wanted from now on.....  
Raven, bring another cream omelet!”

Did he want to take this opportunity and eat a little more? He waved at Raven who had just come into the morning room.

“Miss Lydia, would you like to eat some more as well?”

Raven suddenly came over and asked with a serious face.

“I already.....”

“Well, is there anything else you want to eat?”

“No need, I’m full.”

“As long as it’s something you like, I will prepare it for you regardless of what it is.”

For some reason, he was particularly enthusiastic.

“Regardless of whether it’s fried fish or Scottish whiskey; we also have chocolate with liqueur.”

“Raven, those are all the things I like.”

Nico laughed loudly.

“.....Raven, I didn’t marry Edgar because I was attracted by the food.”

He contemplated a little, as he seemed a bit confused.

“Then, what were you attracted by?”

Nico held his stomach as he laughed again.

Although Lydia felt puzzled, she understood that Raven was trying hard to think of how to make her stay in the mansion.

Making Raven worried wasn't her intention. She perked up and smiled at Raven.

“Eh, Raven, you don't have to worry..... This isn't a serious matter at all, it's just the kinds of small disputes that we've had before, nothing more.”

Although Lydia said that, she thought that perhaps only she thought it was nothing serious, and became dismayed.

After breakfast was finished, Lydia changed into her outdoor clothes, and in result, she was found out by Raven. He expressed that he wanted to go together.

Since this morning, Raven stayed near Lydia, like he was watching over her.

Although Lydia still doesn't have any maids, Raven's work probably wasn't just serving Lydia breakfast, however he stayed in the morning room all along. It must have been Edgar who ordered him to do this.

But if this was Edgar's order, Lydia felt that there probably wasn't a way to stop Raven from traveling with her.

"Where would you like to go?"

"Hmm..... I want to go to the church."

In fact, she was very concerned about the sixth yarn spinner fairy.

"However, Raven, I'm looking for something related to fairies, so if I'm not alone, the fairy might ignore me....."

"I'll stay at a distance."

Regardless of how, he seems to have to come with her.

Lydia arrived at the church; it was different from when the wedding was being celebrated, as it was both peaceful and empty. She asked Raven to wait outside, and he nodded sincerely, which made her relax.

When she pushed open the giant door and entered the chapel, Lydia sighed deeply. She gazed at the altar with a strange nervous feeling.

The feelings from when she had said the marriage vows naturally revived in her chest. This was something that wouldn't change for a lifetime. Lydia became so obstinate because she loved him, and she felt troubled that she might have hurt Edgar.

She sorrowfully looked away from the altar to the corner of a pew.

There was an old lady sitting there. Only Lydia's eyes could probably see this.



Her height was approximately that of a child's, and her limbs, which seemed like short wooden sticks, came out from her mustard yellow coat. She was hunched over like yesterday, gripping a spindle, eyes opened wide, which were buried in wrinkles, and staring ahead without blinking.

Was she still waiting for the chance to stop the wedding?

Lydia approached this yarn spinner fairy, speaking softly to her.

"Granny, the wedding has already ended."

The old lady looked up and stared at Lydia.

"So it's about time you returned."

Staying in a church for a long time, should be equivalent to them having to exercise patience with difficulty in regards to fairies.

Therefore, Lydia came to remind her, however the old fairy stared at her, trembling incessantly.

*Had she gone mad?* Although Lydia started to be cautious, the old lady suddenly lowered her head as if she lost her strength.

(The Blue Knight Earl of this time pushed me aside as well..... in any case, I am a nuisance, no one is willing to say my name.)

The fairy looked very lonely, and Lydia couldn't help but tilt her head.

It wasn't because the fairy hated the Blue Knight Earl that she tried to create mischief?

“That’s because no one knows your name. If you are willing to tell me, then I can invite you.”

(You want me to tell you my name? Fairies can’t just tell their names to human beings! If I say my name, I’ll have to use magic for humans!)

Of course, for fairies, humans knowing their name would be quite troublesome. However, the Blue Knight Earl knew the names of the other five yarn spinner fairies, and invited them to the wedding, moreover from them, being able to grant their magic blessings seemed to be a very prideful matter.

It was a fairy’s instinct to keep their names unknown, but on the other hand, if their heart wanted to trust someone to call out their name, other fairies had ways to cleverly give humans hints and make humans find out their names.

“Ah, granny, I hope you won’t create mischief for the Earl family anymore. If there is anything I can do for you, I’ll lend a hand.”

(I’ve already decided to hate the Blue Knight! Regardless of what you do, it’s useless. I’ll curse your children, and your children’s children!)

She really was a stubborn and difficult fairy. But, this could be because she hoped for other people to discover her name, yet her expectations weren’t achieved and so she became hostile.

As soon as Lydia thought this, she sympathized with this old woman.

“But, why doesn’t a person like the Blue Knight Earl even know your name?”

While she was pondering, she sat down beside the old lady.

Was it because this old lady's vigilance was especially strong? Or did the Blue Knight Earl deliberately ignore her existence in order to discipline her, who was both stubborn and bad-hearted?

(In any case, the Blue Knight is the person who ought to be destroyed. Unless a man gets married, he will won't be able to maintain his family.)

It seemed that she tried to stop the wedding as a result.

"Your name, it probably isn't Gilitrutt\*, right?"

(What? No!)

"Then, is it Peeriefool\*?"

(Wrong, wrong!)

Next, Lydia said all the fairy names she could think of, but it was to no avail.

(I don't want anything to do with you!)

The fairy said this and immediately disappeared.

Lydia was worried whether or not she had offended the fairy, but she might have disappeared because a person had entered the chapel.

Would it be that Raven wasn't able to wait? Just as she thought that, an unfamiliar young man appeared.

After he approached Lydia, he casually handed her a letter.

“Just then, a person outside asked me to hand this to you.”

Lydia promptly opened the envelope, and saw a blue ribbon and a letter inside.

This ribbon was an item that Habetrot had enchanted. On the letter, it was briefly written: “I want to apologize to you no matter what. I’ll be waiting for you in Birdsfeld.”

Lydia immediately stood up.

Although there wasn’t a signature, it must have been written by Claire. As expected, the ribbon was with her.

“Excuse me, is the person who gave this to you still nearby?”

“No, that person immediately got in a carriage.”

The young man merely said this and left. Lydia gave up on pursuing Claire, and started thinking.

*What should I do?*

If she went to see Claire, then Edgar would naturally be talked about, and she didn’t really want Raven to hear.

She also remembered, Edgar had once said Claire was related to someone who had wanted to frame “Scarlet Moon”. However, Edgar also said she was only being used, and she didn’t seem to have any direct contact with that organization. In addition, Lydia had come to think of Claire as a woman, and these two matters were unrelated.

She certainly liked Edgar and was unable to forget him. The reason why she took the ribbon was probably because of that. As she thought this, Lydia felt that she really wasn't able to understand her frame of mind.

Lydia believed that they were same, girls that had fallen in love. She became determined, and headed towards the chapel's back door.

Lydia got off the street carriage and headed towards the market alone; Birdsfield was unexpectedly empty.

Lydia knew that the celebration had already ended at that time.

The red brick building's entrance had been closed, and although the nearby plaza still contained some lorries and wooden boxes, it still felt very spacious.

When the celebration was held, the street peddlers were tightly lined up next to each other, and the place was so narrow that the vehicles and people were unable to move through comfortably, but it unexpectedly turned out this way and it practically didn't feel like the same place.

The pavement which had been heavily treaded on still had many wheel marks and footprints remaining, but also because of this, the uninhabited plaza gave an eerie feeling.

Lydia started to regret coming here alone, but Claire had probably came here alone as well. She pulled herself together and moved towards the building.

She saw a woman standing by the red brick wall, who at the same time also noticed Lydia, and came scurrying over.

She stopped not far away before Lydia, lowering her head and saying:

“Miss Lydia..... Uh, I’m really sorry for yesterday.....what’s wrong with me....a person who already has a wife won’t turn to me at all.....”

Lydia didn’t know what to say, so she stayed silent.

“At the time, the Earl definitely tried to make me go back obediently..... I thought so as well, confronting a sad woman who came into the mansion uninvited. If a cold approach caused the other to be too emotional, then the banquet would definitely have gone badly.”

Claire had such an explanation of Edgar’s attitude at that time?

“But, I don’t want to bring trouble to the Earl, I only want to save him.”

“Save him?”

“I beg you, please don’t betray Earl Ashenbert.”

“Are you speaking of me?”

As the topic suddenly veered in an unexpected direction, Lydia gaped at Claire, dumbstruck. She was looking at Lydia with a sense of justice in her eyes.

“You’re a member of that religious order, aren’t you?”

*Religious order..... What’s that?*

Lydia was becoming more and more confused. However, Claire seemed to be firmly convinced of something and continued speaking.

“You mustn’t be like Lord Bourton and do terrible things like sacrificing your family. Even if you sell your soul to the devil, nothing good will come of it!”

“Y--you said devil.....?”

Lydia listened up to this point and couldn’t help but cry out.

“I know everything. There are black masses held at the monastery ruins of the church. Lord Bourton who spoke of devils and such things is related to the religious order..... you also.....”

Did Edgar want to know about that religious order’s affairs from her own mouth? While Lydia was thinking, Claire continued speaking in one breath.

“Miss Lydia, you wanted to confirm whether or not I knew the secret, and called me out for that?”

“What?”

“Although I feel..... that this could be a trap, I still want to talk. The Earl really trusts you, so you mustn’t betray him!”

Claire didn’t know what feelings they harbored to finally arrive at the marriage step, and it was fundamentally impossible for her to understand. But compared to refuting this, she felt more concerned about something.

“Hold on, you said that I called you out? It was you who wrote a letter to me.”

Lydia immediately took the blue ribbon out of her pocket for Claire to see.

Claire flinched, pursing her eyebrows with a complex expression of doubt and shame.

“That letter..... I couldn’t gather up the courage to send it, it should have already been thrown out.....”

“So you’re saying that this isn’t the letter you asked someone to send?”

“.....Who did this.....? It shouldn’t.....”

(Run away!)

At this time, Lydia’s ears heard someone’s voice. That voice was very hoarse, resembling a fairy voice.

(Bride of the Blue Knight, quickly run away!)

Was it the yarn spinner granny?

A figure suddenly scuttled out from the shadows of the building. As that was registering in Lydia’s mind, two men appeared from behind before she knew it, they roughly grabbed onto her shoulders.

“What.....”

Lydia was tightly pushed down, unable to move, and could only gaze at the figure from just now holding Claire.

“Who are you people?! Somebody, help.....”

Although she wanted to shout, her mouth was covered by a hand. It looked like Claire was hit, and she collapsed on the spot.



“Are you Lydia Carlton?”

Although her last name was already no longer Carlton, she still subconsciously nodded. The man glanced toward one of his companions by the side.

“Claire Florey is on that side.”

When she saw the man take out a small knife, Lydia made an indistinct cry.

“Miss, you be quiet a little. We won’t kill you, but you will become the one to kill that woman.”

The man used even more strength to press Lydia as he spoke.

*Why?* Lydia could only say that with her eyes. The man exposed a sinister smile.

“As long as there is a criminal, there won’t be anyone investigating that woman’s affairs again.”

Slade of “Scarlet Moon” was suspected of murder by the Crown.

*Those were the people who.....*

“Fighting over a man, ultimately leading to a murder. Forget it, in any case, this kind of scandal happening to that Earl isn’t unusual.....”

Lydia was wondering why he only spoke halfway, when the man suddenly released her.

Having originally exhausted all her power trying to escape, Lydia fell forward without trouble. As she blankly raised her head, she caught sight of Raven

kicking down another person.

Lydia did everything she could to stand up and look toward Claire's direction.

"Hey, hurry up and get rid of the woman!"

The men beside Claire anxiously called out.

The man holding the knife was bending and leaning down towards Claire. If Claire didn't move, would she be unconscious?

"Raven, hurry and save Claire!"

"May I ask why?"

He turned his head, asking indifferently.

There wasn't time for an explanation.

Lydia immediately rushed to Claire's side.

She grabbed onto the man holding the small knife from behind.

"You.....!"

The man instantly immobilized Lydia. The moment her arms were twisted, her ears heard the man's blood-curdling shriek.

After the man let go of Lydia, he fell at her feet, and another man fell down beside Claire at the same time.

"Is this okay, milady?"

Raven spoke indifferently once more.

Lydia breathed a sigh of relief, and leaned against the red brick wall.

"Raven, thank you....."

Raven was expressionless as he picked up the borderless soft hat that had

fallen to the ground unbeknownst to Lydia, and handed it to her.

Catching sight of the unconscious men on the ground, she couldn't help but tremble, thinking that she didn't know what could have happened without Raven.

"Uh, how did you get here?"

"A strange old lady told me. You were not in the church, so I rushed over here."

*Old lady.* Was it the same one that had warned Lydia?

Was it the sixth fairy who had been waiting in the church?

She rescued Lydia in spite of everything, was there something wrong?

"Is..... that so. I'm sorry, I left the church without permission."

As one would expect, Lydia lowered her head, knowing that she should reflect on her reckless actions.

"Then, let us return."

Raven turned away.

"Ah, hold on, is there any place nearby that can lend a room? We shouldn't leave Claire like this."

Ultimately, Raven became burdened in shouldering Claire. Although he kept his face blank, silently doing according to what she said, would he feel that after Edgar got married, that troublesome matters would increase?

In short, as Raven led Lydia to “Scarlet Moon’s” nearby secret base, he didn’t expose any displeased expressions. But even if he displayed an unhappy face, Lydia wouldn’t be able to tell.

Lydia borrowed a room to let Claire rest.

“May I ask why we did this?”

After Raven put her down, he suddenly asked in a whisper.

“This woman undoubtedly approached Lord Edgar and hurt you.”

Since that was the case, why did you help her?

He probably wanted to say something like that. Although Raven obeyed Lydia’s words, he surely felt that it was unreasonable.

“If it was Lord Edgar, he wouldn’t forgive the man who kissed you while you were sleeping.”

“While sleeping?”

“She has done this before. When Lord Edgar went to the Bourton’s house as a guest, he was kissed when he fell asleep.”

*Kiss... would he be referring to that matter?*

Claire liked Edgar, and it must have been a sudden impulse for her.

But, Lydia found it very suspicious.

“Was Edgar really asleep?”

Raven subtly looked away.

*I knew it.*

After all, it was Edgar, and he ought to have known that Claire was interested in him. A girl quietly approaching him like this, he would definitely pretend to be asleep.

Lydia's shoulders drooped helplessly, while also feeling more at ease. Since it wasn't Edgar playing with the other person's feelings, she felt glad.

"Raven, thank you for worrying about me. But I haven't been hurt by Claire, I just became overly nervous."

Then, she looked in Claire's direction.

"As it was an important day that could only happen once in a lifetime, I didn't want Edgar touching other women..... I was awfully jealous."

Lydia sat beside the sofa, pulling on Claire's hand.

There was a nasty scar on her hand, which probably came from when she dodged the small knife and was wounded.

While she wrapped that hand in a handkerchief, Claire seemed to have regained consciousness and opened her eyes.

".....Miss Lydia.....? I....."

"Claire, it's very safe here, you needn't worry."

She tried to turn her head but frowned tensely; perhaps it was because she felt pain.

"Did you hit your head? It's better to lie down first. The wound should only be on the palm of your hand, you just won't be able to use it for the time

being.....”

Despite this, Claire was still tried to sit up, barely managing to squeeze out the words:

“I’m sorry..... I misunderstood you, Miss Lydia. It’s all because of me that you were put in danger.”

“.....Do you know who called us out?”

Although she nodded her head, she opened her mouth painfully.

“It was my brother. I wanted to return the ribbon, so I wrote an apology letter. He picked up the letter from the paper basket in my room.”

“Your brother? How is that possible, because.....”  
Lydia couldn’t believe it at that moment.

Just then, those men were planning to kill Claire.

“It’s probably because he found out that I knew the religious order’s secrets..... My brother was forced to obey the higher-ups’ commands..... If he resisted, he would be killed. So, even if I am his sister, he has no other choice but to give up on me.”

Was it because Lydia was also suspected of knowing the religious order’s affairs, that she was almost framed into becoming the criminal that killed Claire?

“I truly am very sorry for taking your blue ribbon. I originally wanted to return it, but I was afraid and couldn’t.”

Claire covered her face with both hands.

“Was it because you like Edgar?”

Lydia asked, seemingly appeasing her.

“It’s only a one-sided love. Although I was only the Bourton family household’s tutor, the Earl was very gentle to me, treating me like a lady.”

“And you liked him as a result.”

“I’m a good-for-nothing girl, I’m not outstanding as a tutor, and even the eldest daughter couldn’t get along with me. However, after the Earl praised me as responsible and enthusiastic, everyone looked at me favorably. I suddenly integrated into that family, the Madam and eldest daughter both became very trusting of me, and I felt like I really became a capable tutor.....”

Edgar is that kind of person. As long as he was praising them, no matter what kind of woman they were, they would feel like they had become a princess. He would guide out the charm that they themselves hadn’t found, and as long as they stayed by his side, the expressions around them would change as a result.

Lydia was also like that. Although she was lead along by Edgar’s magic-like attitude and skilled conversation, she tried not to be fooled on the other hand, and was unable to discern her true feelings for some time.

[Please read this chapter at [hakushakutoyousei.com](http://hakushakutoyousei.com)]

Lydia was protecting her heart, believing that if the magic was immediately removed, she would be cautious, and yet didn’t Claire naively fall in love with him?

Lydia felt a little envious.

If she could have straightforwardly admit Edgar’s merits and openly expressed her feelings, she essentially wouldn’t have quarreled with him.

Since Lydia, who was worried that he was still angry and couldn't take the initiative to apologize, she felt that her love seemed lacking, and so she felt humiliated.

However, she didn't have the kind of confidence to face Edgar.

"Lydia!"

At this moment, the door to the room suddenly opened.

Edgar rushed into the room.

Lydia stood up and was immediately surrounded in his embrace.

"It truly is a relief that you are safe and sound."

"Edgar....."

He withdrew a little and gazed at Lydia's face. As his face was too close, she wanted to lower her head, but Edgar was holding her face with both his hands, resulting in her simply being unable to move.

"As soon as I heard the news I flew over. I heard that you were attacked by someone..... did you get hurt? You have no injuries? Ah-- but you must have been scared."

He tightly embraced Lydia again. As he did that, he seemed to notice Claire on the sofa.

"What did you try to do to Lydia?"



Lydia was still in his arms, but the voice she heard was different from before, becoming completely cold.

He had just let go of Lydia when he began to interrogate Claire.

“The one who called out Lydia was you, right? On whose orders did you do this?”

“Hold on Edgar, how could you speak to her in that manner? It seemed that you were a little gentler towards her yesterday.....”

“Ahh, that’s right, I was bad, Claire. Yesterday I did something that would make you misunderstand. If Lydia were to see this and suffer through something like that, then I cannot forgive myself.”

“N--no, Claire she.....”

Although Lydia tried to explain, Edgar wasn’t listening to her, and continued glaring at Claire coldly.

“You felt that it would be better as long as Lydia disappeared?”

Claire’s face paled, and Lydia desperately intervened between her and Edgar.

“Edgar! Claire was also attacked just now. They tried to murder Claire and then blame me. It was them who called the two of us to Birdsfield..... They must be the people who framed Mr. Slade!”

After she finished speaking, Edgar finally looked at Lydia. Then he glanced at

Raven, and Raven nodded in confirmation.

“Lord Edgar, it is possible that Miss Florey is truly unconnected to the religious order. The group that attacked the two of them had asked who Miss Lydia was.”

Edgar sighed. He probably understood.

“I see. The religious order that worships devils is apparently quite anxious.”

“Edgar, you knew.....”

“I know the general outline of the matter. Mr. Florey spoke of many things. However, because his status was possibly quite low, he didn’t know of anything crucial.”

Lydia looked up at Edgar, stunned.

“You took Claire’s brother.....? Wha-- what did you do?”

“I just forced him to provide help. Right now, his entire body is in good physical condition.”

Edgar finished saying this, reached out to embrace Lydia’s back, then quickly turned away.

“Well, there’s no use staying here for too long. Let’s go back, Lydia.”

“Edgar..... hold on, your attitude towards Claire is honestly.....”

Just when Lydia tried to protest, he suddenly stopped. Although he turned his head with an empty smile to look at Claire, his tone hadn’t changed a bit.

“Miss Florey, when I thought that I might have been deceived by you yesterday, I became really anxious. It’s embarrassing that I misunderstood you, but I am that kind of man. If something happened to Lydia, I would hate you. So long as it’s to protect Lydia, even if I say words of flattery to you, it’s to use you. My sincerest apologies.”

Then, he said to a young member of “Scarlet Moon”, who was outside the door:

“Can you hide Miss Florey here for the time being today? The matters should be settled by tomorrow.”

“Um..... Earl.....”

Claire called out, seemingly wanting to cling onto his small consideration, but.....

“If an accident happens to you, I worry that Lydia would be angry with me.”

Even when he said this sentence, he maintained that perfect smile.

After leaving “Scarlet Moon’s” secret stronghold and getting in the carriage alone with Edgar, Lydia suddenly started to feel uneasy.

Up until now, Edgar had still rushed over as if they didn’t quarrel at all yesterday because he was worried about Lydia, but he was now silent.

In short, not only did Lydia worry him, she still hadn’t apologized for

yesterday's matter either.

She should have honestly said sorry. Even if she was unable to receive forgiveness immediately, there was no benefit in being troublesome.

Although she thought this, what she actually said was different from what she was thinking.

“Why did you have to give her such a rude attitude?”

Edgar looked at her and sighed heavily. He seemed to be repressing his impatient thoughts, and this made Lydia feel even more uneasy about having to apologize.

“It's now unnecessary to coax her for her favour, isn't it?”

Because there's no longer any merit to using her?

Lydia thought that the reason why Edgar treated Claire coldly was probably because he couldn't allow her to hope again, while also taking consideration of Lydia's feelings. However, Edgar didn't provide an explanation for this, so she felt that Edgar might still be angry about yesterday's matter.

“If you no longer needed my favour, would you do that to me too?”

*I can't say this kind of thing, it'll only tear at the wound even more from that stupid quarrel.*

Although Lydia thought that, she was unable to stop herself.

“Because, your attitude isn’t the same as just a moment ago, and now you are ice cold with me. In fact, you simply can’t forgive me, right?”

“The person who can’t forgive me should be you, isn’t it?”

His tone was very cold, and Lydia closed her mouth with fright.

Lydia had probably always thought she and Claire were very alike.

The circumstances were very similar as a daughter of a teacher. Even so, Lydia’s father was still healthy, engaged in a profession that had an upper class status, and Lydia was even able to get engaged with a noble. But ever since Claire’s father passed away, she had to work in order to live.

Even if she still had her brother, she was forced to go out and work.

In fact, she was also at that age where she should be dressed in wonderful clothes and attending parties.

Although the matter of the ribbon occurred, Lydia was unable to blame Claire.

She sympathized with Claire’s reasons for liking Edgar.

And even Lydia was recently able to approach and live within the world of the upper class at last, because Edgar had played his cards well.

If Edgar’s heart changed, what would become of her?

There were all kinds of problems related to the marriage ceremony that perplexed him, and also hurt him.

As Lydia thought this, she still felt uneasy, even though she knew that Edgar wouldn't treat her the way he did with Claire. And because she had witnessed Edgar's gentle actions toward Claire, she just couldn't help imagining the scene of him being able to change his attitude easily.

Lydia understood Edgar's reason for doing this, and didn't doubt his love, but because she knew he was angry at her, she felt that if she said anything, she would be given a cold response by him.

"Tonight, it seems that religious order will be holding a mass in the basement of the monastery ruins."

Edgar said abruptly.

"I'm going to sneak in and make a deal with their leader."

Lydia lifted her head in astonishment.

"Tha-that sort of thing can be done?"

"This is an opportunity to rescue Slade. I have a chance."

However, Edgar intended to step into danger again.

"They're the ones who wanted to murder Claire, right? Would she be okay?"

"She only knew of the religious order's existence. So long as we catch their

fox's tail, those people will probably understand that aggravating matters will only bring trouble to themselves. They would probably halt the punishments and leave her alone."

Edgar wasn't looking at Lydia as he spoke. This also brought back Lydia's feelings of wanting to escape.

In Lydia's case, she wasn't worried about Claire or anything else, it was Edgar.

"Sneaking in is too dangerous."

*You're worried for me?*

The usual Edgar would probably say something like this. But it wasn't the case now.

"Perhaps such an accident is worth rejoicing. Even if I had a contingency, you still wouldn't be my wife, and there are ways in the law to make this marriage invalid. You can become the Carlton family's daughter again and return home."

Lydia really wanted to cover her ears. She endured the tears that nearly forced itself out of her eyes, with both hands tightly clenched into fists on her knees.

"Wait for a bit while I discuss tonight's plan with the members of "Scarlet Moon", I won't be returning until tomorrow....."

"The one unable to forgive me is actually you!"

Lydia called out, interrupting his indifferent voice.

"I definitely don't want to return to the Carlton family! I want to seriously be

a couple with you.”

By the time she had realized, she had already reached out and grabbed Edgar’s coat.

Lydia’s eyes met with Edgar’s, who was astonished; she suddenly came to her senses and retreated back to her seat.

“Lydia.....”

“Don’t say anything!”

If he said he was unable to feel the same way, Lydia may no longer be able to pull herself together, and would try to jump out of the carriage.

Lydia clearly knew he was angry with her, so why would she say that as if it she were forcing him?

The anxiety and unease rendered her unable to think.

“Forget what I said just now. I..... If you are disappointed with me, then regardless of whether you want the to annul the marriage or whatever else.....”

*No. That wasn’t what I wanted to say.*

*I should be straightforward with my feelings.*

The words that were blurted out just then were her true feelings.

But her voice was already stuck, and the words wouldn’t come out.

“I really am a hopeless man. As long as you are in front of me, I will always



lose control of myself.”

Edgar lowered his head and said this with a sigh.

“No matter what happens, I can’t let this marriage be void, can’t I? I know I also said horrible things. To be honest, I didn’t know how to make you forgive me, and was afraid of being hated by you, so I desperately restrained myself.”

He worriedly buried his fingers in his hair, then looked at Lydia again.

“I’m still confused now, even unable to use the usual means. I don’t know if I should apologize to you endlessly, or pretend nothing happened and slowly shorten the distance between us again. However, you believed that the reason why I wouldn’t touch you was because I couldn’t forgive you?”

He leaned towards Lydia, with the previous oppressive feeling of indifference already completely gone. He revealed a sincere smile, passionately gazing at Lydia.

“I want to become a couple with you now.”

His attitude suddenly changed, and as Lydia felt flustered, she subtly retreated again.

Even if she did this, this place was the inside of a cramped carriage. At best, she could only press her back against the corner of the seat.

“N-now?.....We’re in a carriage right now.”

“You’re not willing?”

*Isn’t that obvious?!* Lydia almost said this out loud, but thought that he must have been joking, so exposing that kind of sharp attitude maybe wasn’t too good. Just when she was at a loss, Edgar chuckled, already seeming to see

through Lydia's heart.

"Ahh, the usual Lydia has returned."

".....Y--yes."

"You're not angry anymore, right?"

".....You're not angry either?"

"If you kiss me, you'll find out."

The moment that Lydia didn't know how she ought to answer, the carriage stopped.

Even though Raven opened the carriage door, Edgar wasn't willing to get out as if he was waiting for Lydia to move. But, the expressionless Raven was waiting for his master to get out, so she simply couldn't kiss him.

".....We're already home."

Lydia tried to push Edgar back.

Although he looked a little dissatisfied, he still got out of the carriage, and entered the house without a word.

*Did I make him unhappy again?*

Although Lydia thought that, after he gave his hat and cane to Tomkins, who came to welcome them, he suddenly pulled Lydia into his arms.

"Tomkins, regardless of who comes to visit, don't notify me for the time being. Even if Her Majesty the Queen appears as well."

"I understand."

Tomkins bowed with a face of understanding.

"Um, Edgar..... Hold on, weren't you going to discuss something with 'Scarlet Moon'.....?"

He ought to have said so a moment ago. However, Edgar pulled his face close and whispered:

“My fire is already lit.”

*What?*

“Raven, before I head over, discuss this evening’s plans with everyone first, then start preparing.”

“Yes.”

Raven immediately nodded, and turned around to leave.

*Wh-what’s going on?*

After she slowly began to understand the situation, her face started burning. Edgar was hugging her, and walking in the direction of the private room.

“Umm..... it still isn’t night yet.”

“It doesn’t necessarily have to be at night.”

*I--is that so?*

“B--but, the fairies specifically helped me in making pajamas.....”

“I’ll think of it as a pleasure for when I return.”

Lydia heard this, and just remembered that he was planning to do something very dangerous.

She stopped, and couldn’t help but show an uneasy expression, but Edgar tenderly smiled at her.

“It’ll be alright, no matter what happens, I will return to your side.”

After stepping into the room, the gentle afternoon sunlight shining in through the large window could be seen. Lydia felt that the spacious bedroom, which she was alone in yesterday, was a little too bright. But, as she received a playful sort of kiss in the doorway, the housekeeper quietly pulled the curtains.

“Would you like me to help the Madam get ready?”

“No need, I will do it.”

Lydia wasn't too sure what this part of the conversation being quietly discussed meant.

After hearing the sound of the housekeeper shutting the door, Lydia pondered over them being alone, while thinking that what was said just now were quite strange. At that moment, Edgar narrowed his eyes, as if he found it amusing.

“It's because there are ladies in the world that don't know how to loosen a corset.”

Lydia did not grow up that sheltered.

“You know how to?”

Lydia was already unable to understand, and she purely felt odd even at this.

“I learned in public school.”

*Didn't Edgar not attend school for lessons?*

Lydia looked up again and saw Edgar staring at her, amused. She realized she was being teased by him.

At that moment, her body suddenly floated up lightly, but just as she thought that, she was placed down on the bed.

Lydia gazed at him, astonished as he took off his gloves. After Lydia's gloves were also taken off, their fingers immediately intertwined.

She seemingly became a lady who had never untied her shoelaces before as she simply gazed at Edgar doing so. Although Lydia was willing to follow along with Edgar's desired actions, she still struggled to think.

## Chapter 7: In the name of the Blue Knight Earl

“Oi Lydia, did you catch a cold?”

It was Kelpie’s voice.

“The moon still hasn’t risen and you went to sleep?”

At his call, Lydia awoke from a shallow sleep, opening her eyes.

On this side where the curtain was slightly pulled open, there was the sky which had already turned completely dark. Kelpie was sitting on the balcony railing outside the window, looking in.

“Oh no, I fell asleep.”

As she rubbed her eyes, she moved her body, finding that Edgar had already left her side.

He seemed to have already gone out.

*It would have been nice if he woke me up.*

His embrace was both warm and comfortable, which made Lydia feel completely at ease, so much that she didn’t even know when she fell asleep. At that thought, a little flush tinted her face.

On the other hand, Lydia slowly came to understand the fact that Kelpie was here, and then jumped up.

“Wai-- Kelpie! Why are you here! Didn’t I tell you to not come into the bedroom anymore?!”

“That’s why I’m outside.”

“Staying on the balcony isn’t acceptable either!”

She blushed a deep red, as she panicked at finding herself wearing only a chemise, and dug back into the blankets. She used her hand to fumble for a nightgown, until she finally found some decent clothes and breathed a sigh of relief, in which at that time she heard Kelpie’s voice again; it seemed like he was still there.

“You’re in a really bad mood, have you still not made up with the Earl?”

*We already reconciled.*

This matter came into mind, and Lydia got even more flushed in the face.

“Open this window. Because the old women said there was a serious matter that came up that they had to find you, so I brought them over.”

*Old women?*

She hurriedly put on the nightgown as she moved towards the balcony, and saw the five old ladies crouching by Kelpie’s feet.

It was the group of kind-hearted yarn spinner fairies.

They weren’t afraid of Kelpie? Or was it because they were really old, it was possible that they didn’t find out that the fairy who was in a close relationship with Lydia was a Kelpie?

After opening the window attached to the balcony, the five fairies hurriedly ran in, surrounding Lydia.

(Bride of the Blue Knight Earl, please save us.)

(The goddess' statue was nearly destroyed.)

(If it is destroyed, the goddess' magic will dissipate, and we will disappear along with it.)

“Calm down, the goddess' statue you guys mentioned, is that what the sixth granny spoke of?”

The five fairies nodded desperately.

“You're all the last descendants of that ancient goddess, right?”

(We are the goddess' alter ego, no, we are more like embers of her faint magic. Nevertheless, we still survived by avoiding people's attention.)

(Luckily the humans put together that statue of the Virgin Mary.....)

“Who is planning to destroy it?”

(We heard that humans will occasionally assemble at that place and repeatedly conduct unusual ceremonies.)

(I didn't expect it to actually be a ceremony for summoning the devil.....)

That's right, in those monastery ruins, there is a statue of the Virgin Mary holding a spindle. The diabolic religious order that wanted to murder Claire seemed to be conducting ceremonies somewhere in that area.

Sure enough, the statue of the Virgin Mary was the goddess statue that the sixth fairy was speaking of.



This was quite a serious issue for the fairies. Moreover, this matter made Lydia more anxious, apart from worrying for the fairies.

Because that place should be where Edgar will be leading the “Scarlet Moon” members to face tonight.

“Don’t tell me a real devil could appear.....though shouldn’t that be impossible?”

She crouched down and looked around at the old grannies.

(That place has already garnered evil magic. The devil might appear at tonight’s ceremony.)

“Will it really appear!?”

(If the goddess’ magic is consumed by the devil, the statue will be destroyed, us as well.....)

.....*It seems to be real.* Lydia sighed.

What was she going to do? Devils simply weren’t within the professional range of a fairy doctor.

(It really is a vulgar fellow.)

(In the past, the monks that came from a continent brought Catholicism or something into the goddess’ land, and that fellow came in around that time.)

(The monks punished that fellow, and sealed it under the goddess statue.

That fellow should have fallen into a deep sleep..... However those people are trying to wake it up.)

“Oi, you mustn’t get involved with that devil. It’s way too reckless.”

Kelpie interjected.

Although Lydia also thought this, she didn’t want to abandon the group of kind-hearted yarn spinner fairies.

Furthermore, if a real devil did appear, wouldn’t it be dangerous even for Edgar?

“Well, so long as we can protect the goddess’ statue from being destroyed, the devil can’t appear, right?”

(That is without doubt. The devil is unable to maintain its strength under the goddess’ magic)

“Even if that’s the case, how should we protect the goddess’ statue? Not everything is impossible for you guys, right? Lydia is human, she doesn’t have any magic powers, nor can she use magic.”

Speaking of fairies who possess strong magic, the only one around Lydia was Kelpie.

The moment Lydia thought that, the old fairies also seemed to sense that the black-haired fairy before them possessed formidable magic, thus they looked imploringly at Kelpie.

“I’ll say it clearly first, I’m a Kelpie that can use magic. I don’t want to fight with the devil, but if I really have to, your goddess’ statue might be crushed if I use it.”

*Yes, so he couldn’t be relied on.*

(Kelpie?)

(Unseelie Court!)

(H--how could this be? How could this evil being follow the Blue Knight Earl’s bride!)

The old ladies let out an astonished yell, swiftly circling behind Lydia’s back.

Sure enough, they didn’t realize that he was a Kelpie.

“Grannies, I tell you, he’s rather special so there isn’t any danger, don’t worry.”

The yarn spinner fairies looked at each other while murmuring something in discussion, but they were likely determining that protecting the goddess’ statue was more important than running away from here, so they continued to stay behind Lydia’s back.

(We originally had ample magic power as well.)

(That’s right, before, we weren’t afraid of fairies like kelpies at all.)

(It’s just that there is one problem.)

“What, even if you bluff again, you are merely weak fairies now, right?”

“Kelpie, please be quiet. Grannies, is there a way to protect the goddess’ statue?”

(As long as we join forces we can. That place is the goddess’ land, protecting the goddess’ statue from the outsiders’ clutches shouldn’t be difficult.)

(But, the other fairy won’t be willing to lend a hand.)

(That one loves to get angry, and went so far as to say she wasn’t going to lend her power to a person who didn’t know her name.)

They were probably talking about the sixth fairy.

“What! But if she doesn’t lend a hand, she will also disappear, won’t she?”

(She really is an awkward fellow beyond redemption.)

Indeed, she was a stubborn fairy. It seemed clear that she wanted people to call out her name, but she wasn’t willing to let anyone know her name.

(It’s all because of her that the monastery covered the goddess’ land about seven hundred years ago.)

(The goddess’ image wasn’t destroyed at the time.)

She was that kind of fairy since a long time ago.

“But, even if I try to persuade her in that way, she wouldn’t help us protect

the goddess' statue, right?"

(Please find out her name.)

(That way, everything will turn out well.)

However, Lydia thought of doing so as well during the wedding, but she didn't succeed.

"Right, Edgar will be going to where the goddess' statue is tonight. If the ceremony is interrupted, the devil can't come out, right?"

(Interrupted? That would be bad. The Earl might be in danger. The devil that will be called out during the ceremony will obey the person who summoned it, but if it's interrupted, the uncontrolled magic will go wild and kill everyone present.)

"What! It--It's this terrible?"

*What am I going to do? If that's the case, then it's not merely the fairies' problem.*

Edgar was going there in order to free Slade from "Scarlet Moon". If he intended on obtaining evidence of the religious order's devil worshipping and properly negotiate with their leader, then he would definitely break in after the ceremony begins.

"That's terrible! We have to stop him! Kelpie, bring me to "Scarlet Moon's" secret stronghold."

Lydia said as she reached out towards Kelpie, but she found herself only wearing a nightgown at this time.

“Okay, let’s go!”

“Ah! Wait I need to get changed!”

\*

After leaving “Scarlet Moon’s” secret stronghold, Edgar proceeded to the outskirts of the monastery ruins.

In order to wash away suspicious of Slade, there were an unexpected number of “Scarlet Moon” members gathered by Edgar’s side. Not only were there young people, there were old faces that served as managers all present as well.

Concerning Edgar’s resignation as “Scarlet Moon’s” leader, although there wasn’t anyone who planned on directly asking for the reason, so long as he tried his hardest for the organization in this way, the gazes towards him that had some hope automatically gathered.

“Scarlet Moon’s” members knew that Edgar wasn’t truly of the Blue Knight Earl’s bloodline, but in order to fight against the Prince, they had no choice but to let Edgar take charge as the leader. But compared to the bloodline, they now trusted Edgar as a person.

Because of this, Edgar didn’t want to betray them, and decided to step down from leadership. This matter was only one sidedly informed to them.

Despite this, everyone was still willing to trust him. He was happy about this, but on the other hand, he also felt heartache.

He wouldn't hesitate to help Slade escape, but even if he made an effort, Slade might not be happy.

Slade was a manager of "Scarlet Moon," and regarded Edgar with a calm gaze. He knew Edgar didn't have the lineage that they should obey, and also knew the both sides were only collaborating to accomplish their shared goal, so he couldn't show his emotions about the matter. Slade was such a person.

If he could be rescued, Edgar might have to explain the facts to him. Edgar began to have that sort of idea.

Now, the only one who knew about Edgar's connection to Prince's memories was Paul, but if it continued on like this, then it would become a situation where Edgar hasn't completely cut ties with "Scarlet Moon", hiding the truth from everyone. This was the same as continuing to betray them.

"Earl, we'll be arriving at the Bourton residence soon."

Paul said, as he looked outside the carriage. Edgar silently nodded.

Within a short time, the carriage stopped in a hidden place under the shadows of the trees, and after getting off the carriage in that area, there were already several members of "Scarlet Moon" waiting, hidden in the shadows.

"Everyone has already arrived at the property of the Bourton residence."

Jack said as he came over.

"Florey wasn't a problem?"

After they caught Claire's brother and interrogated him, he revealed that

there would be a mass held here today. If his whereabouts were unknown, the religious order could become suspicious, so they let him go.

Of course, it was in a situation where they made him lose consciousness before releasing him.

“He was originally a drug user, so we made him have a lot. He probably can’t even speak clearly at the moment.”

“Then let’s go, we mustn’t draw other people’s attention.”

They headed for the Bourton’s house on foot from there.

Regarding the underground passage found out from Claire, Edgar heard that the members of “Scarlet Moon” had already confirmed its existence.

The passage really connected to an underground chapel, and the mosaic on the chapel’s wall seemed to be the entrance.

From the other side of the chapel, it seemed that the mosaic couldn’t be seen as a door.

Although the religious order punished the Bourton family, they didn’t take the action of sealing this place. There hasn’t been anyone passing through here for several months, so Claire’s brother, who was responsible for the punishment, also didn’t know of the passage’s existence. The religious order likely doesn’t know yet either.



Whether or not Lord Bourton entrusted Owen out of pure interest to portray the scene that he stole a glance at, in reality he had no relations with the religious order, and just happened to be gazed upon by the religious order, who was investigating the monastery's remains.

Claire's brother followed the religious order's commands to gather information surrounding Lord Bourton, and only later did they learn of the painting's existence.

Edgar thought to himself that in short, as long as they used the underground passage, it wouldn't be difficult to break into the ceremony.

On the moonless night, the Bourton family's garden didn't have a single ray of light; it was completely surrounded by darkness.

Edgar and the rest didn't carry any illuminating equipment, and came up to the side of the scorched building that way. They stopped at the rear of the house, deeming that this place shouldn't be seen from the underground passage, and then lit a very small light.

Even so, they still carefully only used the light to illuminate the ground at their feet.

Because, they mustn't be found by the members of the diabolic religious order who were assembled in the monastery ruins behind the Bourton residence.

"The stone tablet of the ancient cross is covered in the depths of the garden plants. Just like Owen's sketch."

As they were lead forward, they were barely able to identify the shadow of a cross in the area around the withered trees.

Although this place was a part of the Bourton family's garden, this area was likely a former corner of the monastery. Behind the cross was a small stone building, resembling an ancient temple. Though it already looked almost destroyed, there was still a rough outline left.

It was like someone had dug up the almost-masked remains, because the surrounding earth was turned over and the rusted iron gate was also on the verge of collapse.

Lord Bourton probably excavated the remains out of curiosity and surveyed the inside, but this was probably the beginning of the tragedy.

Many medieval buildings would have secret passages. This monastery had a passage built underground, and the passage's only entrance might have been here.

Edgar and Raven entered the temple together, immediately catching sight of stone steps leading underground.

"How long is the distance approximately?"

"Just about five hundred yards. This passage doesn't have any split paths, and the underground chapel is at the end of the road."

After walking down the stairs, they found that the narrow passage really did go straight ahead, but even if they lifted the oil lamp forward, the passage

depths merely seemed like a dark cave.

“In addition to Jack and Louis, send around five other people to come with me. The others have entered the passage at the same interval and are on standby, waiting for the signal to enter the chapel. The remaining people will keep watch outside, understood?”

The members of “Scarlet Moon” solemnly nodded.

“Raven, you’ll sneak in with the religious order’s followers, and enter the chapel from that side of the monastery ruins.”

Raven silently nodded, as he should have naturally expected this.

It was almost time for the followers to gather and participate in the Black Mass.

Edgar took a step forward towards the passage depths.

Just like the initial report, there was a stone door at the end.

“Can this door be opened?”

“It can’t be opened because of the rust, so we have our hands and feet against the door. As long as you push, the door will collapse on the other side.”

“So that’s it.”

At first, Edgar was leaning against the stone door, but after hearing this he immediately drew his hand back.

Having said that, this door was quite thick and heavy, so just leaning on it shouldn't be able to open it.

"There's a hole on top."

He followed the direction where Louis pointed at and raised his head. A tiny hole was opened on top, and a light from the other side slightly penetrated through.

Edgar leaned forward to steal a glance at the other side, finding that the underground chapel was wider than he had imagined.

The altar and walls had many lit candles on them. There were many mosaic paintings hanging on the walls; it was a very beautiful chapel, and was preserved quite well. At the thought of the building above ground being nearly destroyed, it felt like this underground chapel ought to possess considerable value as a historical remnant.

However, this sacred place was being tarnished by the devil-worshipping Black Masses.

A sheep's head was offered as a sacrifice on the altar, and there were rope arranged as a magic square on the ground ahead.

Moreover, presiding over the Black Mass was a person of the clergy.

But if so, Edgar didn't feel indignation either, only revealing a wry smile.

Because, the person who completely destroyed the residence of God, that is, the monastery, which was originally within England and banished Catholicism was King Henry VIII.

He was called the devil by Rome.

And now, devil worshippers really intended to gather in this underground chapel.

However, he saw the partial silhouettes.

Everyone wore a black hooded cloak, even their appearances couldn't be seen.

Edgar watched the altar attentively.

The mastermind would soon show himself.

"I already know the bishop's name."

Edgar murmured, seemingly not talking to the people beside him.

"Even if I fail, I have already given the sketch of the evidence to some aristocrat. However, I can't guarantee that he'll definitely reveal the evidence to the public. After all, he is a major figure, and his self-preservation would take priority no matter what. On the other hand, trying to save Slade became difficult, but as long as someone gets a hold of the evidence, this religious order won't be able to dispose of "Scarlet Moon" easily. So I can't tell you the name that I know. As long as you guys don't know, you shouldn't be in danger."

Everyone was silent.

Edgar continued carefully observing the situation in the chapel.

"Earl, no matter what happens, I will protect you."

After a short time, someone said this. On that occasion, this seemed to be the consensus of everyone who was present, which made Edgar's confidence grow.

The other side of the door suddenly quieted down.

In an instant, a person holding a long cane who seemed to be a priest entered the chapel.

The person seemed to have arrived. Edgar waved the signal, and everyone braced themselves at the same time. That sense of tension was also taken with them as they proceeded.

Although Lydia sat on Kelpie's back anxiously heading towards "Scarlet Moon's" secret stronghold, there was already no one there. The servant who was in charge of looking after the house said that everyone had gone out.

Lydia immediately changed her destination, deciding to head for the monastery's ruins.

At any rate, she must persuade that sixth yarn spinner fairy no matter what. Since she was unable to warn Edgar about the existence of the devil, she could only rely on the power of the fairies.

"What! Aren't there already a lot of dangerous men gathered there?"

Nico crossed his arms against his chest in dissatisfaction and looked up at Lydia. Lydia had brought him out just when he was sleeping comfortably, so he was completely unwilling to help.

No, he usually has this kind of attitude

. Lydia thought again, and then stared at Nico.

“That’s why I brought you over, as long as we make use of the fairy passages, no one will find us, and it may be easier to find that sixth fairy’s den.”

“If you enter the fairy passage, you won’t see where the Earl is.”

That’s right.

It would be as if she cannot see anything of the human world.

Because of this, Lydia tried to talk with him before he left. However it was already too late, so her only remaining option was to negotiate with the fairy.

“I am a fairy doctor. I can only solve fairy related matters-- besides, helping Edgar this way is my duty.”

Because, Lydia actually became the Blue Knight Earl family’s fairy doctor.

“Kelpie, please, we must go a little faster.”

“Hmph, I know.”

He turned into a horse in an instant, with Lydia and Nico seated on his back.

The hustle and bustle of London immediately disappeared from Lydia’s eyes, and the pitch-black Kelpie sped by the ash grey buildings and empty neighborhoods that were all around.

Kelpie shuttled between the cracks of the fairy realm and human world, with Lydia seated on his back, looking out on London's streets from the back side.

While the townscape passed by fleetingly, Kelpie was already galloping along the grass-covered riverside before she knew it.

The grassland extended endlessly. Kelpie finally ran into a lush forest.

At first, she thought they had already passed through the trees, but Kelpie stopped.

A stone pillar illuminated by moonlight stood before their eyes.

It was the doorpost of the former monastery.

On the other side of the stone arches, there were many stones which seemed to be from the collapsed building. Although buried in grass and dirt, the white surfaces still shone under the moonlight, appearing faintly from within the darkness.

This monastery's remains should be located in the outskirts of London's residential district, but aside from the remains of the walls and pillars here, there weren't any houses around whatsoever.

There were even more newly built houses in this region.

Like looking over from the fairy world, whether it were houses or humans, the things that haven't existed for a long time were merely like faint shadows, and simply wouldn't appear before one's eyes.



“I think the fairy’s den should be in an area where the goddess’ statue can be seen.”

Lydia passed through the remains of the gate, where only it’s arches remained, and relying on her memory, she headed towards the location of the spindle-holding goddess statue.

Because there were no buildings or paths in their surroundings, her sense of direction was not quite coinciding with her memories.

“So, where is the statue?”

“Umm, you walk straight from the gate and you will see the remains of a considerably huge wall.... ah, it’s that one.”

However, the statue that was located on the left of the wall according to her memories was not there.

“It’s not on the opposite side either.”

Kelpie said, having went around the edges of the wall and came back.

“This is strange.”

Furthermore, they had expanded the search area by splitting up, but for some reason they couldn’t find that goddess statue.

“Lydia---, it’s probably not here.”

Nico said, and sat on the grass, worn out.

“That shouldn’t be case though...”

Lydia was completely confused about the situation.

Although it was now night time, those existing in the fairy realm can naturally make their appearance known, and in Lydia's eyes, even the position of every leaf remained unchanged compared to daytime. Therefore, she cannot miss the sight of the goddess statue.

(Bride of the Blue Knight Earl.)

When she was at a loss, a voice suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

(Over here, Bride.)

"Is it the grannies? Where are you all?"

Lydia suddenly broke into a run toward the sound. There were the figures of five fairies right on the top of the hill shaped area.

As she approached that place, the huge boulders that appeared as rocks that had risen up from the ground, turned out to be a rocky hill. This was the hill of boulders. Were the ruins of the monastery in this rocky area?

While she was also feeling doubtful, she was out of breath from running up the hill. Kelpie and Nico had also followed her.

(As expected, that sourpuss insisted on lending his strength.)

(We're done for. The goddess statue is going to be shattered in pieces.)

The old women said hurriedly, at the sight of Lydia.

"Hey, about the goddess statue, I've been looking for it and yet I haven't been

able to find it.”

Lydia said, as she recovered her breath. The old women fairies exchanged looks of bewilderment.

(It cannot be seen, huh? It could even be seen from a far distance.)

(Now, now, the eyesight of humans is quite poor compared to us.)

They said, and pointed at their feet.

Eh....?

Lydia’s gaze fell to her feet and she couldn’t help but gasp.

“Woah!”

Nico shrieked, jumped up and then climbed onto Lydia’s shoulder.

What was thought to be a rocky area at their feet, were clear lines that was like the shape of a hand.

Could it be that what looked like a hill that they saw before, was the stone statue?

“What’s up with that! Lydia, you didn’t tell me the stone statue was this big!”

"But, when I saw it, it was around the size of a person...."

The rough and incomplete stone statue that was neither the goddess nor the

Virgin Mary, was around the height of a child. But now, what could be seen at their feet was the same spindle that was being held, a huge goddess statue lying down half buried in the ground.

(What can be seen from the human world is the goddess's toes.)

"I--is that so.....that is certainly the goddess."

"But it's only huge, the magic is very weak."  
Kelpie said.

(In the past, the magic of the goddess covered the ground around this area, but now only we possess the remaining magic.)

(However, if we combine our magic in this place, there will still be enough magic to protect the statue.)

The five old women fairies widened their eyes and turned to Lydia in anticipation. Lydia hoped she could find a way to convince the sixth fairy to give its name.

"Where is the sixth fairy?"

(Probably in her den. But we don't know where that fellow's habitat is.)

(If you call her out, you can speak with her, but she won't respond afterwards.)

Lydia was frantically contemplating.

The problem lied with the den. In the majority of the legends, the fortune of being able to find out the yarn spinning fairy's name would usually descend

upon the person who found its den.

However, ever since the time Lydia found the ruins of the monastery, the sixth fairy's habitat wasn't able to be found.

Yet there was no doubt that it should be within the vicinity of the goddess statue.

While Lydia thought that, she recalled what the fairy accidentally said.

She said that whatever the goddess can see, she could see.

Lydia thought that there was no mistake that the habitat was next to the statue. But in this fairy realm, the goddess statue was too huge, even if it was just the circumference of it, it would be a very large area.

Just as Lydia's thoughts were flowing from that, she felt her surroundings suddenly grew dark and looked up to the sky.

The black clouds were expanding towards them, the moon was being covered by a smoke like cloud.

"Oi, Lydia! That's.... "

Lydia turned to the direction Nico pointed towards and gulped down a scream.

The ground looked like it had been painted pitch black. What looked like ink droplet that formed stains, was now expanding bit by bit towards them.

(It's the devil.....)

The fairies had a frightened tone to their voice.

(It's already too late.)

(Now that it's come to this, we can only protect our habitat.....)

(But I don't know how we're going to survive....)

"Please wait, grannies!"

Lydia was going to have them cooperate with her till the very end. However, the frightened fairies had dispersed, having ran away.

She thought that perhaps they had broken into a run in different directions on the rocky hill, then the five of them all disappeared at once.

"Oh, they've disappeared..... what am I going to do?"

"That was only the shadow, not the body."

Kelpie muttered, who was looking at the devil.

The shadows were growing bigger on a large scale, little by little. Perhaps the ceremony had begun.

"Has it's true form finally emerged? I don't want to see it."

While Nico hid himself under Lydia's skirt, his fur stood on end all over his body.

"Well, let's get out of here, Lydia."

"What are you saying, Nico? Edgar and the others are already nearby."

If the ceremony began, stopping midway would be dangerous. Before Edgar and the others break in, she needed to seal the devil.

Lydia took a deep breath to calm down. While she confirmed that the five old women fairies had disappeared, she walked on top of the rocks.

They said that they were going protect their own habitat. In other words, they returned to their own habitat.

So did that mean, their habitat was also not in this rocky area?

“Well Lydia, what are you going to do? Are you going to drag out the old woman from before?”

Kelpie knelt down in front of the goddess statue’s chest.

“Is the yarn spinner fairy over there?”

“Yeah, inside the hole of the rock.”

Lydia peered into the hole as small as a knothole at her feet. There was space inside the hole, as well as an old woman. While she was mumbling for some reason, she was moving around inside the room.

This was the hole just at the right hand of the goddess holding the spindle.

Lydia looked up and confirmed the place where the other fairies had disappeared.

"Right hand, left hand, right foot, left foot, and then the torso....the five

fairies' habitat are in places aren't they? Then the sixth fairy would be.... at the head, right?"

"I see. Then, where in the head?"

Kelpie took the initiative by heading towards the goddess' head.

"Whatever the goddess can see, I can see."

*Did she mean next to the statue? If that was the case, it would mean the goddess' eyes, wouldn't it?*

Lydia who realized this, broke into a run towards the eyes of the statue and pushed away the leaves and searched through the holes.

"Found it! But the inside cannot be seen. The inside of the hole seems to be winded."

Then Lydia looked at Nico.

"I get it..... it's fine as long as I go in and take a look, right?"

Although Nico seemed to really want to return immediately, he also understood that as long as Lydia was dissatisfied about the matter, they wouldn't be able to go back. That's why, perhaps he had given up, as he held out his paw.

"Thank you, Nico."

"It's impossible for me to enter the goddess' region. Take this with you. If something happens to you, I will drag you out immediately."

Kelpie tied his mane around Lydia's finger.



“Thank you, Kelpie.”

"Well, let's go."

The moment after Nico said that, Lydia was inside a grotto like place.

From the circular opening above, the moon between the rift of the black clouds could be seen.

Was that hole the entrance?

"Having said that, the hole was quite winded. Even the passage is difficult like that fairy."

Nico walked ahead while he complained.

The roads were surely meandering left and right everywhere, it was unknown how far it continued on. Nevertheless, if they continued persisting forward, they will eventually reach the end.

There was a stone gate and from the small dug out window, light was coming through it.

Lydia peered into that window.

There was a spinning-wheel in the middle of the room, before it was the sixth fairy sitting alone. But she seemed to be absent-minded and motionless, it also seemed that she wasn't going to mumble out her name.

“How is it?”

“The fairy is there, but she isn't talking to herself.”

Lydia was going to try waiting for a while for now, but the fairy wasn't going to say anymore.

*What should I do? There's no time. The ceremony must be steadily taking place.*

"Hey, Lydia, what are you intending to do?"

While Nico quietened his voice, he was in panic because Lydia put her hand through the door.

"I'm going to try directly talking to her."

"She's not going to tell you her name!"

However, Lydia was already pushing open the door. This fairy was actually lonely and surely she wanted her name to be called.

Because she was uncooperative, she stubbornly did not want to say her name. However, if the person who informed Raven of Lydia's danger at the church at that time was her, then Lydia thought that it perhaps wrong of her to trick her into asking for her name.

"Hello, granny. You have a wonderful house."

The fairy's eyes widened in surprise, but soon her her face twisted into one of anger.

(It's you! Why are you here! Don't you just come into my house out of your own accord!)

"I've come to save you. You should know that the goddess statue is shattering, right?"

(Hmph, I don't care what happens to me. Anyway, you came because those five fairies asked you to come.)

“Why do you say that? Are you alright with disappearing?”

(It can't be helped. Because no one knows my name. If you don't say my name, you cannot use the magic.)

“Then please tell me your name.”

(Why do I have to tell you!)

The old granny fairy's face went all the more red with anger.

Suddenly the area around them shook violently.

Small stones fell from the ceiling, the shaking was to the point where people could almost fall. Nico frantically grabbed onto Lydia who was leaning against the wall. Lydia noticed the fairy was also clinging onto her skirt.

After the vibrations had lessened, her eyes met with Lydia's and the fairy jumped away, panicked.

(.....I was just a little frightened, that's all!)

“Yes, but granny...”

The devil's power is probably becoming stronger.

Lydia hurriedly tried to continue persuading her.

"I hope you can help us. The Blue Knight Earl is nearby. If you are willing to save us, then I will always be grateful to you from then on...."

Just when she wondered whether it was going to fiercely shake again, the floor crumbled by their feet.

“Lydia!”

She jumped with Nico and Lydia managed to avoid the fall, however, from the opposite side of the hole that opened in the ground, she sensed a sinister presence with the smell of blood drifting in the air and frowned.

(This..... seems to have connected with the human realm.)

The old fairy said.

If you were to peer down into the lower part of the hole, you could see something like magic squares directly below. There were many people who were completely in black gathered around it.

Words that sounded like spells being chanted in a low voice could be heard by the ears, a man who looked like a priest was dripping a fluid that appeared to be blood, from a container that looked like a chalice.

Within the magic square, shadows that looked like smoke were rising up and were gradually becoming darker.

“Is that a demon....?”

However, perhaps the demon’s figure could not be seen by the humans on the other side.

(It’s already over. Everyone will disappear. Humph, it’s turning out that way because I’m being shunned.)

“Why? If you honestly open your heart, everyone, including you will become happy.”

While she became saddened as she pleaded with her, the old lady would not respond. She averted her eyes from the fairy and looked deeper into the hole.

“Where is Edgar?”

Lydia surveyed the chapel and did not know whether he had intermingled with the crowd down below.

“Lydia, it’s Raven.”

The moment Nico said that, someone in the corner quickly moved.

The men surrounded the priest as if they wanted to protect him from being suddenly attacked.

At that moment, the mosaics decorated on the wall collapsed, and shadows rushed out from there, one by one. All of a sudden, the chapel became noisy.

At the beginning of the brawl, the candles flickered and Lydia could not recognise who was who. For a moment, she sensed that Edgar’s golden hair appeared to have flashed before her eyes.

“Edgar!”

Lydia desperately called out.

“Edgar, don’t do this! If the magic square were to be destroyed, the demon will swoop down to attack everyone!”

However, it seemed that her voice didn't reach him as

the shadow in the magic square suddenly expanded and grew bigger.

Perhaps someone has disturbed the rope used to make the magic square. The shadow that was expanding spread out on the magic square quite considerably, as if it were trying to break the barrier, but then their surroundings shook violently fiercely once again.

The chapel also shook fiercely.

In midst of the accidents that appeared to be happening in the human world, everyone there were surprised by it as they surveyed their surroundings.

The candlesticks that fell, disappeared, and the candlelights on the wall quivered.

Pebbles fell like raindrops in the chapel, everyone was bewildered.

The things that were shaking did not settle down and the rocks of the floor collapsed once again.

The yarn spinner fairy's foot slipped.

"Granny!"

Lydia stretched out her hand and caught the old lady's foot. Is what she thought, but the floor had also collapsed by her feet.

"Ahhh!!"

There was nothing more they could do, as the two of them fell down together.

"Ouch..."

They should have fallen from a considerably high place, and yet, it felt like merely around two or three steps down the staircase, the reason being that they may have fallen from the fairy realm to the human world.

While that may be true, it cannot be said that the situation was great.

If they were to get up and rub off their waists, there would be a person wearing a black robe before them. The face inside the hood was covered by a mask, however, this person was holding a ceremonial staff. There was no mistaking this was the one conducting the Black Mass.

Lydia appeared to have fallen before him, who had hidden behind the altar in order to escape the brawl. She wondered whether he was surprised as he turned towards her and kept silent, but it was plain obvious that Lydia was in a pinch.

“You... where in the world did you come....”

When the man tried reaching his hand out to her, a clump of grey hair came down and hit onto the man’s head.

”Nico!”

“Lydia, hurry up and get out of here! Use Kelpie’s mane!”

But Edgar should still be in this chapel.

Lydia managed to stand up the moment Nico saved her, but soon she could not escape as the priest got up and stood in her way.

Behind his back, at the altar on the other side, was a demon that had grown huge.

The shadow that looked like smoke was becoming a distinct black clump. She could recognise something like horns and a long tail.

The fighting may have ceased as something like screams could be heard, perhaps everyone had noticed the existence of the demon.

Because the ceiling had collapsed quite considerably, the fairy realm and the human world had inadvertently intermingled, there was no mistaking that everyone could also see the demon with their eyes.

But perhaps it had been too late. The magic square that had broken could no longer contain it. Even so,

Lydia first had to figure out a way to escape from the priest of the demonic religious organisation, she stared at the man before her while slowly stepping back.

(You! How could you do this to our goddess!)

The old lady who hid behind Lydia's back suddenly said, and jumped over to the priest.

(Cruel human! More cruel than the Blue Knight Earl!)

But the old woman whose height was that of a small child's could only shout by the feet of the priest who was of large build.

"What is that..."



Perhaps the priest had not seen fairies and the like, stepping back a little like he was seeing something uncanny, however having immediately changed his mind, he raised up high the staff he was holding.

The Bishop staff.

Lydia who realized that, rushed over.

If it was genuine, fairies would instantly turn to stone if they came into contact with it.

The staff that was swung downward drew near Lydia's head, who hugged the old lady.

Although there was no time to close her eyes, the staff suddenly stopped before her.

"Raven...."

The brown skinned youth had raised and twisted the priest's arm. The staff was snatched away, and whilst holding the man's arm, he took the opportunity to kick the tall man and send him flying to the wall with vigorous force.

"Lydia!"

Lydia almost slumped to the ground and the person who held up her arm was Edgar.

"Ah, why are you here?"

He embraced Lydia, who was still holding onto the old lady, close to him and frowned.

"Sorry, I acted out of my own accord...but I was going to warn you about

something....”

“It appears that they truly are summoning the demon...”

Edgar gazed at the goblin in the magic square, somehow calm.

“We have to hurry and get out of here. If the ceremony were to be interrupted, the demon will slaughter everyone here.”

Holding Lydia’s face with both hands, Edgar quietly nodded.

“I understand. Raven, tell Scarlet Moon to retreat.”

“Yes.”

Raven quickly turned back, but at that moment, the rope of the magic square was torn, as it fluttered in the air.

“Ahhh!”

A scream came from the depths of the chapel.

Perhaps the demon had knocked some people off their feet and was coming in their direction.

“Lord Edgar!”

Only Raven's voice could be heard, but a large part of the wall collapsed, as if it was trying to create an obstruction between the master and his servant.

While hugging Lydia, Edgar took up residence in the hollow of the altar.

But it seemed that they couldn't move about from then on and the demon was increasingly shaking up the chapel, it seemed that it was trying to destroy it.

"Lydia, I'm sorry. I got you involved in this."

"I.... am not competent enough. There is a way to get rid of the demon, but I couldn't do it."

Lydia continued to cling onto him in such a situation as this, and yet she mysteriously calmed down.

While she thought that she was glad they were together because of this sort of situation, she felt that she was being hugged tightly.

"It'll be alright. No matter what happens, I will protect you."

Edgar tried to encourage Lydia, despite how the rocks had fallen violently and how they weren't able to leave the area.

"It's ok, if we are here like this, I'm not afraid."

"That's no good. We need to return safely. Previously, I still haven't expressed enough of my complete love, and I don't want to die with you regarding me as that kind of guy."

*Wh--what is he talking about?*

He stared at Lydia who was puzzled, and finally, it seemed that he had noticed the fairy she was carrying in her arms.

“That fairy is?”

“A friend of the Earl household.”

Will she not be able to save this fairy, after all?

As a fairy doctor, Lydia was unable to resent fairies, and she said this in hopes of it coming true.

As a result, the granny immediately escaped from Lydia’s embrace.

She fled from there and turned her head in revulsion, saying:

“Friend? I hate people from the Blue Knight Earl’s family the most! I, Titan-Tit-Tot\*, will never be your friend!”

Lydia was startled, and murmured:

“Titan-Tit.....”

The granny fairy suddenly rushed in the direction of the devil.

“Titan-Tit-Tot!”

Lydia stood up, reciting the fairy’s name like chanting an incantation.

“Trwtyn-Tratyn, Gwarwyn-a-Throt, Tritten-a-Trotten, Whuppity Storrie, Habetrot! Use the goddess’ strength to protect this place!”

The grannies’ figures emitted a faint light. At that moment, there were five lights gathering together. After the final sixth fairy met with the other lights, a dazzling beam of light was produced at once, enveloping the surrounding area in a white flash.

She immediately closed her eyes, but the light was branded into her retina, as if it was thrust into her eyes.

Although the magic that Lydia felt on her skin was slowly waning, there was a period of time where nothing could be seen.

It ought to have been the same for Edgar and everyone else at the scene. Even if it wasn't known what happened in the end, not one person moved.

Among the stillness of the shaking and the sounds of falling stones stopping, their sight was finally restored. As Lydia felt Edgar place his hand on her shoulder, she gazed at the center of the chapel.

Whether it was the destroyed magic square or another area, there were no traces of the devil. Although she saw the six spinner fairies dancing happily, that scene disappeared immediately.

“Oi-- Raven, are you okay?”

Raven felt a soft furry object against his cheek and opened his eyes.

“Ha---, it really was a matter of life and death. I thought I was going to be crushed by a rock.”

Nico stared at him. Raven was lying down on the grass.

He recalled the pillar falling as he felt the impact on his back, and then he lost consciousness.

While remembering, Raven sat up reflexively.

“What about Lord Edgar.....?”

Although his back was still aching, he could still move. He had to hurry and save his master. Just as Raven was thinking about how to return to that collapsed underground chapel, Nico’s leisurely voice removed Raven’s nervousness, which had risen to its highest point.

“I’m sure they’re safe. The devil seems to have already disappeared. Just then, the surroundings of that chapel emitted light.”

“.....Is that true?”

“Hey, cat and crow! Why is it you two!”

Kelpie suddenly appeared.

“I lent my mane to Lydia, why are you two the only ones glued to it!”

“Errr-- it was Lydia who let go of the mane. Then I followed Raven and grabbed the mane in the nick of time.”

Nico hid behind Raven and said.

“Tsk, here we go again. Then how is Lydia now?”

“She should be with Lord Edgar.”

After Raven spoke, Kelpie frowned with even more disgust, then turned around and disappeared.

He probably went to find Lydia. Raven suddenly realized that Nico disappeared as well.

“Mr. Nico.....?”

Raven didn’t know that because Nico was still grabbing onto the mane, he was dragged along. He thought to himself that Nico was a fairy, so disappearing

like this couldn't be helped.

At any rate, he had to leave as well. He thought up to here and stood up.

At this time, a rustling sound came from the depths of the plants. As soon as Raven looked back, he saw figures that were staggering out from the darkness.

There were two people. One was a man with a mask, and one was clinging to his side, who seemed to be a guard.

It was the mastermind of the diabolical religious order; he couldn't let them escape.

He immediately rushed forward, and even forgot the pain in his body.

Raven jumped in front of the masked man and struck him down.

While the other man tried to flee in horror, Raven suppressed the masked man, barely noticing.

"Raven, it's the other person!"

Edgar's voice came to his ears.

He released the masked man in astonishment, and chased after the other man that was escaping, whilst throwing a knife.

The knife pierced the cloak and was thrust deeply into the side of the tree, and the man was unable to move a single step, as if he was sewn there.

“Raven, you did great.”

Edgar came up from behind the tree. He passed Raven and stopped in front of the man.

Then, after confirming the purple robe that was exposed at the other person’s feet, he removed the hooded cloak and looked at him.

It was a man with sharp eyes, about fifty years old.

Although Edgar had never seen him before, he saw the distinctively clear hooked nose. It was just as the nobleman who knew him said.

“Nice to meet you, Bishop Chamberlain. You had your religious brother wear your mask, were you planning on making him bait to escape?”

“.....That’s not my name.”

He averted his gaze and denied it.

“In any case, I already know your true identity, and have the evidence as well. It is Owen’s sketch of the Black Mass.”

“Merely depending on a painting, how would you know whether or not it’s me?”

“It is because it could be made out that you disposed of the painting and its painter, is it not? Of course, a specific person cannot be pinpointed by merely having the bishop’s cane and the purple robe, but the person in the painting is left-handed, and you are the only left-handed bishop.”



“Do you think this cassock and bishop’s cane are genuine?”

It truly was a useless resistance.

“Now that I have had the privilege of identifying your face, if you continue on leaving like this, then you cannot deceive anyone. I naturally believe that I have a considerably fixed position in this country, and I think that you already knew me.”

He couldn’t hide his agitation, so he was silent.

“That being said, I do not want to waste time here arguing whether or not you are actually Bishop Chamberlain. If it is necessary, I will put forward a suggestion to Her Majesty.”

“.....If it is necessary?”

Edgar stopped halfway. The tone of his inquiry brought slight expectations.

Originally for Edgar, it didn’t matter who was worshipping the devil. He himself and “Scarlet Moon” both had ulterior motives, so if he used a reasonable trick to expose the bishop’s crimes, he would also realize that he will bring trouble to himself.

Thus, he snuck in here tonight in order to make a deal with the other party.

“Please release Slade, who was suspected of murdering Owen. It is pretty simple, is it not? Afterwards, I’m also going to ask you to terminate the search for “Scarlet Moon”. Do you not think it is the wisest choice to not interfere with each other?”

Although the bishop thought a little, he slowly raised his head and said:

“.....If I do so, are you truly capable of keeping a secret? If that’s not the case, then I have my own plans as well.”

“I am the only one who knows your true identity. As long as you abide by the agreement, you will not have to worry.”

The bishop glanced at Raven, but perhaps he thought that a foreign attendant’s statement wasn’t reliable, so he nodded, accepting the fact that Raven wasn’t one of the people who knew of his true identity.

“Oh that’s right, please do not think that it is fine as long as you kill me. Because I am not a righteous person either, you will witness the world of purgatory.”

He clearly tried to summon the devil among the ceremonial mass, yet the bishop fearfully looked at Edgar’s smile.

Perhaps he thought that the person who dispersed the devil was Edgar.

Edgar turned around and walked away, with his back towards the bishop.

After Raven pulled out the knife from the tree, the bishop lost his strength and collapsed on the spot.

\*

The markets of London were crammed with carriages early in the morning to the point that nothing could get by. After learning that the road was blocked by a carriage whose wheels were broken and unable to move, Bishop Chamberlain suppressed his anxious mood and leaned back heavily against his chair.

A carriage also stopped at the other side of the window. It wasn't known whether or not it was because they were impatient and couldn't go forward. A man in the carriage stuck out his head from the window.

"You tried to make the devil obey you, and failed as a result, didn't you?"

The man wasn't looking at him when he spoke.

The bishop was startled and stared at the man's face.

".....Oh, it's you, don't scare me."

He recalled that man's name being Ulysses. Although he seemed to be a teenager of a young age, he had a position that was closest to the "Prince", and was given considerable authority.

"You were overthrown by that Earl, correct? You seem to have been caught by the tail by him, so now you're following him obediently."

The fact of it being like this was correct, but having this pointed out by a seemingly immature young man made him quite angry.

"There will be problems with disposing of 'Scarlet Moon.' Didn't I advise you on this before?"

"Did you just show up to say these things?"

“No, I came for a more important matter.”

“Don’t put on airs, just finish what you have to say.”

Upon seeing the bishop’s fidgety appearance, Ulysses revealed a contemptuous smile.

“That’s our new Prince.”

The bishop frowned and did not understand what he was saying.

“I’m referring to Earl Ashenbert.”

“.....Prince? Isn’t that Prince already dead?”

“Yes, and he took on everything from the former Prince.”

“Meaning he is the successor? But that Earl doesn’t seem to plan on joining forces with you guys. He seems to prefer that artist's organization more, however, following those young imps of that puny organization now, and possessing the strength to contend with the royal family.....”

Although the bishop said it as such, because he recalled the indescribable menace he felt when his identity was revealed, he trembled. The one who made the devil perish, could it have really been Earl Ashenbert?

“However, you surrendered to him.”